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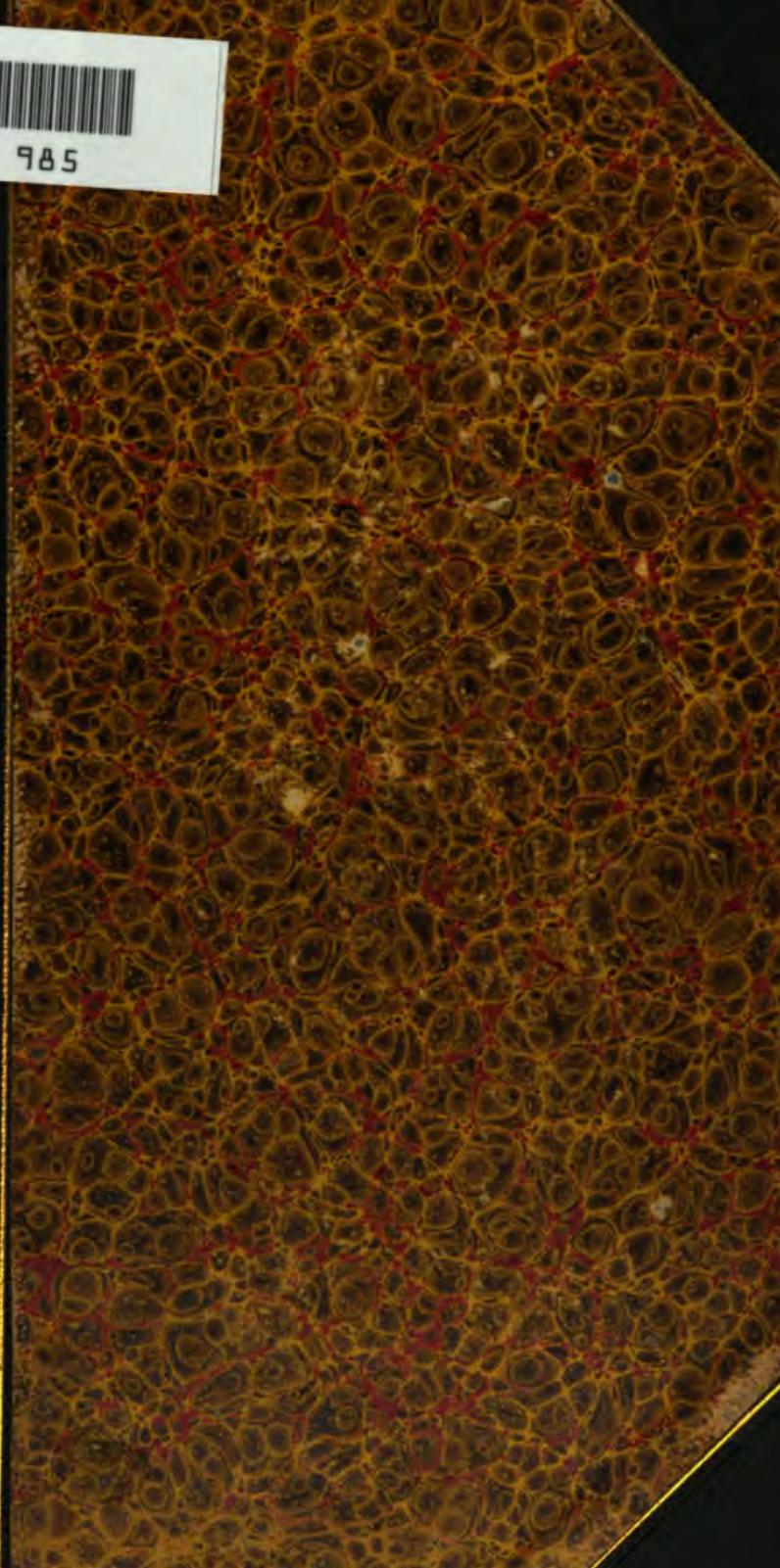
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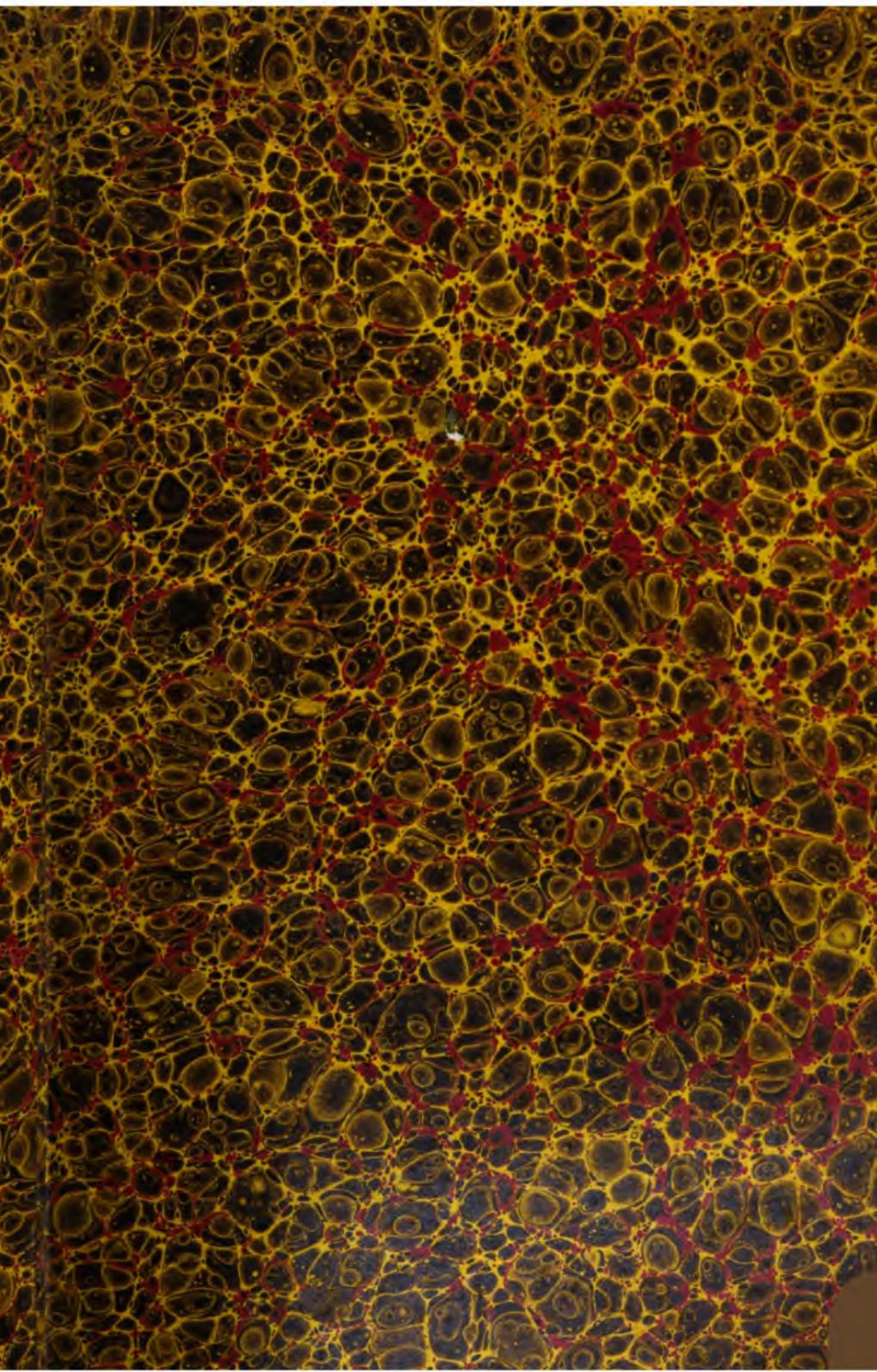


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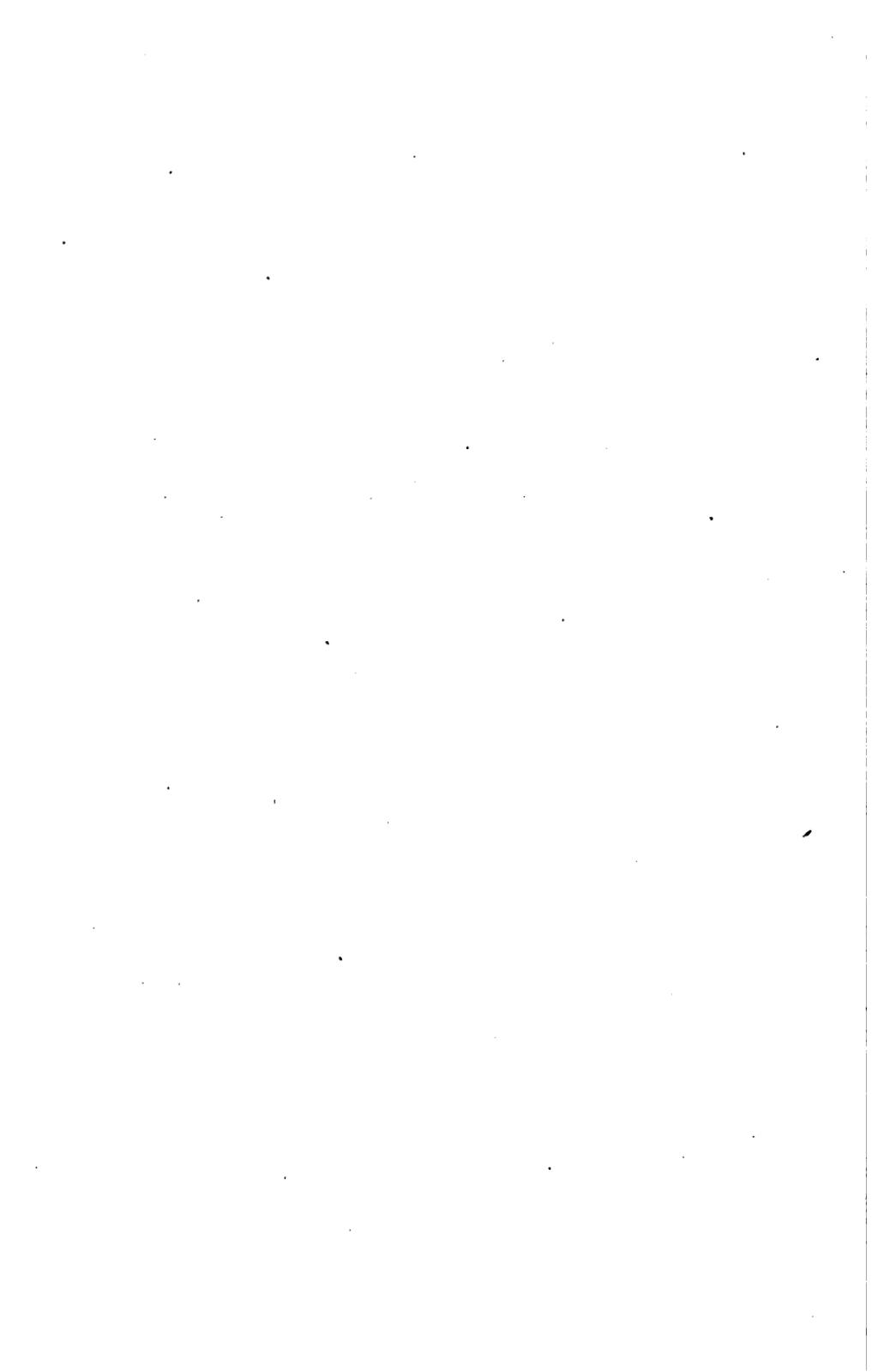




To Miss Rachael Wolfson
From H. H. Moore.
March, 1888.







BEN EBO;

AND

O T H E R P O E M S.

BY

HECTOR A. STUART,
"CALIBAN."

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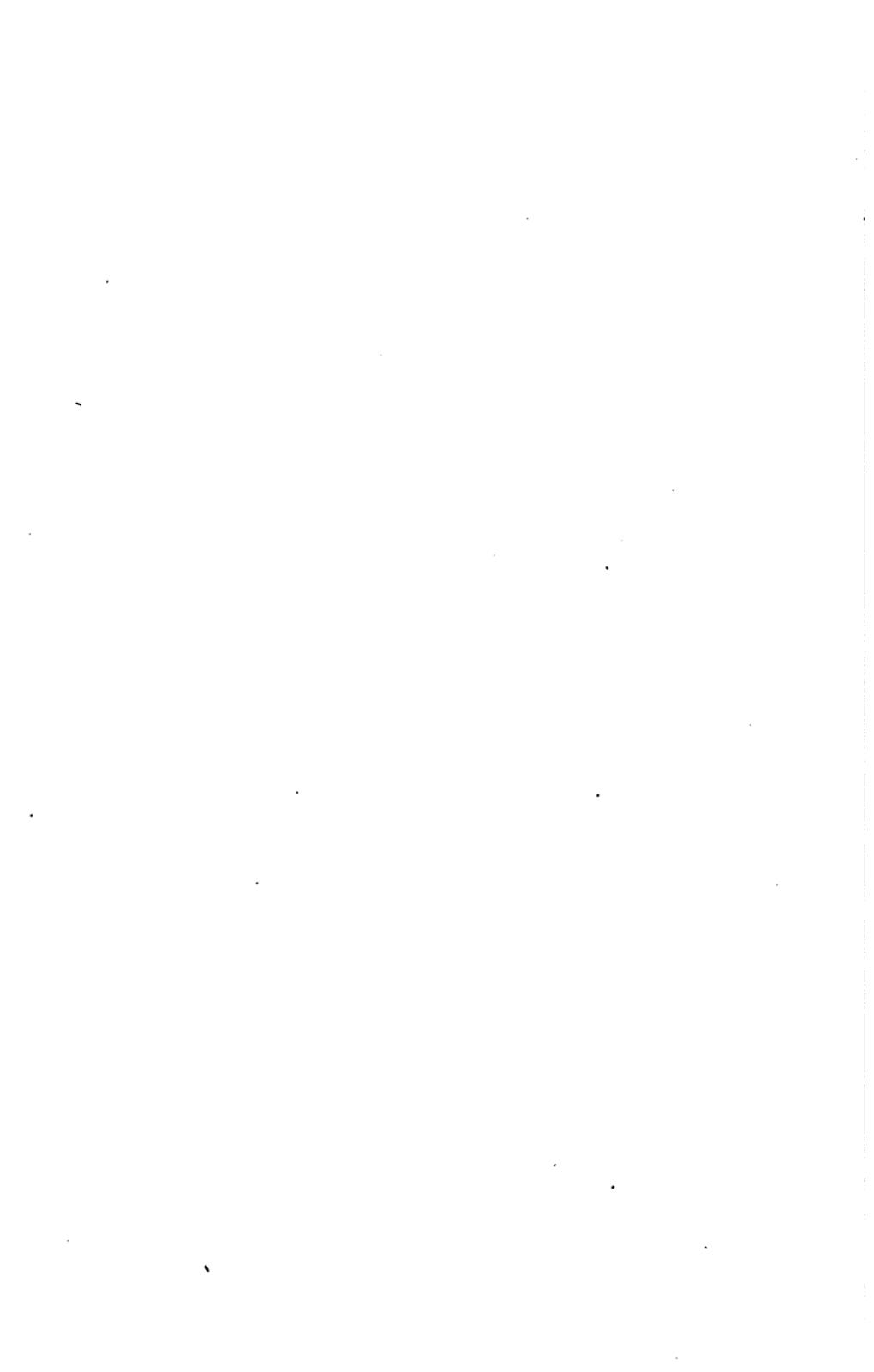
1876.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by HECTOR A. STUART, in
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TO

GEN. JOHN BIDWELL,
of Chico,

This Volume is inscribed. Being a Token of the Author's
Esteem of a sterling Pioneer and Representative
Citizen of California.



INTRODUCTION.

This is the second edition of “Ben Nebo,” the success of the first, warranting the assumption that its successor would be equally well received. To the chief Poem, are added a number of shorter works, varied in character, and as such, calculated to please as varied tastes. Each of these is inscribed to some person of note, either in Literature, Art, Medicine, Jurisprudence, Journalism and Commerce; the distinction so accorded, being the result of friendship, or of personal esteem, entertained by the author for those thus honored, who exercises the privilege of a poet in so doing.

As regards the merit of the poems, that must be left to the judgment of the reader, yet, if there is any truth in cultivated opinion which has stamped these productions with approbation, the decision cannot be unfavorable. In this connection, the author may be excused in citing the appended extract, taken from “La Voce del Popolo,” the editor of which being himself a poet, may be justly regarded as authority on subjects of a poetic character.

“Abbiamo ricevuti i primi fogli della seconda edizione del ben noto poema cui porta per titilo ‘Ben Nebo,’ del rinomato poeta americano Hector A. Stuart. La nuova edizione è accresciuta di molti canti e poemetti finora inediti; la carta è della migliore e più costosa, la stampa nuditissima. Gran parte del poema è dedicato ad avventure e scene amorose nelle incantevoli isole

tropicali dell'oceano Pacifico. Il signor Stuart ha immaginazione vivace, inventiva felice, verseggiatura facile e chiara; il linguaggio n'è terso, elevato, dolce, impetuoso o terribile, secondo il bisogno degli oggetti cui imprende a narrare o descrivere. Tutto ciò rende la nuova edizione del 'Ben Nebo' un lavoro interessante pei cultori del bello e degno d'un posto onorevole fra i poemi più classici cui vanta la giovane America."

The following is another indorsement from an equally high authority, John Mac Donough Foard, who thus speaks of the preceding volume:

"We are indebted to the author, Hector A. Stuart, for a copy of his new poem, entitled "Ben Nebo; a pilgrimage in the South Seas." The theme being the adventures of a semi-piratical hero, there is a charm about the work akin to that which makes "The Corsair" of Byron so irresistibly attractive to the lovers of marine literature. As "Ben Nebo" tells his own story, we will not attempt to enlighten the reader. The poem consists of three cantos in the Spenserian measure, and is beautifully illustrated—the frontispiece being a life-like portrait of Mr. Stuart, in the character of the hero. It is the most pretentious poem which has yet emanated from the brain of a California poet. The story is well sustained, and the rhythm musical and harmonious, the diction pure, and the imagery all that the most fanciful imagination could desire. In a word, "Ben Nebo" is a production of uncommon merit, and bespeaks for its author—who is yet on the sunny side of thirty—an honorable niche in the "Temple of the Tuneful." Mr. Stuart is better known to our readers as "Caliban," whose satires and epigrams have attracted much attention in the literary world."



VERITY

BEN NEBO;

A PILGRIMAGE IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Inscribed to THOS. B. LEWIS, Esq., Banker, of San Francisco.

CANTO I.

RETired within this gloomy cave, that stands
 All lonely on the sad, sea-beaten shore,
'Tis mine to sing of Ascian's glowing lands—
 To plow again her sparkling waters o'er,
 And from Oblivion strange events restore.
And as the Genius of th' eventful song
 Exultant springs his mingled tones to pour,
Deep-hidden deeds in every whisper throng,
And chanting Pity weeps as roll the strains along.

The sun is red on Austral's flashing main,
 And fresh the wind that curls the rushing foam;
No more inert! Upheave the lengthened chain!
 We must away o'er distant seas to roam;
 Self-exiled from our fair and much-loved home.
On deck Ben Nebo stood, and sadder grew
 As darker evening's curtain 'gan to loam;
And oft he sighed, as o'er the surges blue
The fond familiar land receded from his view.

Now out upon the open sea we ride,
 And to the pressing gale the vessel bends;
 Her sturdy bows push headlong through the tide,
 And far beyond her tapering shade extends,
 As deep astern the lurid sun descends;
 While round the mast the sea-gull circling flies,
 And to the watch his dirgeful murmur sends,
 Till his untiring wing sidelong he plies,
 And melts in gloom as Eve forsakes the dark'ning skies.

Beyond the boiling wake, his eyes in vain
 Ben Nebo cast to view the fading shore,
 But shadows loom along the leaden main,
 And doubtful outlines gloam the distance o'er,
 Where waves on waves in chilling fury roar.
 His native land has melted from his sight,
 But Recollection can its scenes restore;
 Yet many a joyous image cheers the night,
 And weeping sorrows rise like phantoms to affright.

“Adieu, fair land! long years may first revolve
 Ere I again thy vernal meads shall tread—
 The dreams of youth in frosty age dissolve,
 And new born pleasures mingle with the dead,
 As Time with chilly wind beats round my head;
 Adieu, fair land! I love thee; yet 'twas thou
 Gave me this being which I so much dread;
 'Twas thou sustained my infant steps, yet now
 Self-exiled from thy shores, the wintry waves I plow.

“Yet why should I complain, since all are doomed
 To various toil by ruthless Destiny!
 Some in the stifling cell, or mine, are tombed—
 Some rove neglected on the warring sea;
 Yet every fate is such as it should be.
 Man is but dust in Fate's almighty eye,
 Though he may claim to immortality,
 And deem he lives when dumb his ashes lie—
 And none have e'er came back to tell him how to die.

"Man is but dust upon the wheel of life—
 As it revolves so he must circle round ;
 He who resists—in the unequal strife—
 Is first into insensate powder ground,
 While still unstopp'd the tireless rim will bound.
 Man's puny arm can naught of use avail,
 To clamp the law that Fate approveth sound,
 At best he can his helpless state bewail,
 Or, if foolhardy, at its mighty author rail."

Thus mused Ben Nebo, as across the skies
 He saw the stars their pathless courses thread—
 The wondrous planets from the east arise,
 Or in the west their paling lustre shed ;
 While like a fiery serpent, overhead
 A mighty comet meets his wondering sight,
 And fills the crew with superstitious dread;
 Who in its vast array of ruddy light,
 Behold some demon fell in flaming wrath bedight.

Majestic wanderer, wheeling through the gloom
 With none to guide thee in thy wayward flight,
 What, as wind-fanned thy flames terrific loom,
 Doth lead thee through the dark involving night,
 Or steer thy bulk 'mongst countless spheres aright ?
 In orb erratic doomed for aye to sweep,
 And darkened nations with thy glance affright;
 What fate is thine thus tireless on to leap,
 And blast with quenchless fires the vast ethereal deep?

In vain to ask : our thoughts to earth are prest,
 Though some inspiring wish exalts the soul
 To rise above the grosser sense, and quest
 The mystic marvels that above us roll,
 Or deeper seek the spirit's subtle goal;
 But ah! such flights a sober mind denies,
 Pleased with its little earthly-natured dole—
 'Tis but the wandering thought that heavenward flies,
 Or to pierce what is hid with pride presuming tries.

'Tis folly when the rigid will of Fate
 Has closed the Future to our darkened gaze,
 To press obtrusive at the folded gate,
 And thread unasked the unfrequented maze ;
 For, could we view its scenes, anguish might craze
 Our souls; or we might see in dark distress
 No sign of bliss to cheer our ghostly days ;
 If like the ox, man is no more nor less—
 Death snuffs the spark of life and all is nothingness.

But yet this cannot be ; there is within
 This ashy casket something that will glow
 When Earth has claimed her poor terrestrious kin,
 And all that lived is laid forever low !
 As dust no more of lingering grief to know,
 A spark ignited at a deathless fire,
 A soul immortal, yet alive to woe
 And bliss, still having that which will inspire
 It with transcendent light when all its dregs expire.

'Tis this that lifts the man above the brute,
 Exalts his mind, and fires his soul with dreams
 Bright and incarnate—the appointed fruit
 Of that celestial joy which ever teems
 In a well ordered mind—a mind that deems
 Its great Creator the sole object worth
 A life-long adoration ; such as streams
 Spontaneous from the ruder tribes of earth
 When in united strain they hail fair Nature's birth.

Sunk are the bulwarks of the winding lands—
 On every side the boundless sea extends ;
 Still like a statue fixed, Ben Nebo stands,
 And to the reckless gales his anguish sends—
 That anguish which his manly bosom rends ;
 For he was one whom Fate relentless casts
 Upon a troubled surge ; nor joy descends
 To shield him from the ever howling blasts
 That shook his heart like winds a wreck's unsteady masts.

“Roll on ye waves ! ye loud-voiced breezes blow !
 Your mournful sounds congenial strike my ear ;
 Although there falls betimes a note of woe—
 A mystic sound as spirit-voices drear
 That wail of pleasures lost and sorrows near ;
 Still, still ! your gloomy diapasons roll,
 And bear me onward as ye swift career ;
 While in consonance with your cries, my soul
 Shall mingling rise and sweep through Sorrow’s pensive goal !

“Shades of the Past ! why should your grisled forms
 Eternal haunt my vain-averted sight ?
 More woful ye than ocean’s windy storms,
 Or shaft that thunders in the dreadful fight,
 Or bolt that hurtles in the dead of night ;
 These though, too oft with wrath unseemly fraught
 Smite at a blow, nor long the fated fright,
 But ye with deathless pangs my soul hath taught
 That of all barbs none vie with sorrow-haunting Thought.

“Here as I muse amid the whirlwind’s wail,
 The sea’s deep sob, the mew’s complaining cry,
 My heart pours out her melancholy tale
 Of buried joys that still uncovered lie,
 Though darkly sealed from each obtrusive eye.
 And what is life to him whose bosom owns
 Such pangs as these that were not made to die ?
 In vain for respite he continual groans,
 Or flies as from himself to earth’s remotest zones.”

But lo ! the night is waning, and afar
 Morn’s early blush comes dappling o’er the verge ;
 Now paler-gleams each white, translucent star,
 And fairer foams the onward-dashing surge ;
 While from their watery beds, the gulls emerge,
 And shivering sweep across the wide expanse.
 Still on her course fair winds the vessel urge,
 As hope beams forth in every wanderer’s glance,
 And high each bosom beats as round the waters dance.

Fair was the voyage till on the hazy lee
 The Maori shores loomed like a belt of blue,
 When darkly o'er the dim, north-western sea,
 A murky cloud rose ominous to view,
 And whistling winds in rising gamuts blew ;
 Anon across the wild, upsurging tides
 Storm-boding petrels in confusion flew ;
 And the fleet porpoise o'er the surges rides,
 And far to calmer seas his shape unwieldy guides.

Firm at his post the sun-browned master stands,
 Yet views with awe yon wind-announcing cloud ;
 For on his lee appeared New Zealand's strands,
 Half-hid in one long, dark incumbent shroud,
 And far beyond with devious shoals endowed.
 But still deep versant in the windy jar,
 He stood alert, though hoarse the tempest sougued,
 And huge o'er many a circumjacent bar
 The frothy breakers raged in mad vehement war.

He stood unmoved, and with experienced skill
 Prepared his ship to meet the coming gale;
 E'en now resounding through the rigging, shrill—
 Tremendous straining on the belching sail;
 While rushed the seas along the weather rail
 Like hoary demons thirsting for their prey;
 Though vainly yet they can her sides assail,
 They rise to smite; she nimbly glides away,
 And seems with those dread crests like a coquette to play.

Now grouped on deck, all hands in dumb suspense
 Watch her bold course along the watery maze,
 And as they look to windward, looming thence
 Like some weird turrets through the drifting haze,
 Three lonely islets strike their wond'ring gaze;
 Upon their towering cones the last red glare
 Of dying Eve sheds a portentous blaze,
 As if the torch of Hell had kindled there
 A triple fire to lure sad wanderers to despair.

The "Three Kings" these! infixed amid the flood,
 Like sentries grim that watch the outmost shore
 Of this rude land, where oft barbaric blood
 Is made in sacrificial founts to pour;
 When the fierce shock of direful battle o'er,
 The victors haste their captives to devour;
 Like ogres foul, exulting lap the gore,
 And deem the feast their gods appointed dower—
 Such is this race on whom a genius dark doth lower.

But who shall blame, since Nature's self doth urge
 These savage people to such horrid deeds;
 'Tis her edicts that form as they diverge
 Our various states, our actions, and our creeds;
 And who can say her influence e'er misleads?
 To follow Nature, is but to obey
 That potent voice which in each bosom pleads
 Against all that our pleasure might bewray,
 And seeks to guide us on the prime appointed way.

All men are vile! but Fate has favored some,
 And raised them o'er their less enlighten'd kind;
 Yet all from the same dusty substance come,
 And all to equal follies are inclined,
 And all at last a common rest must find;
 Yet earth-born favors shed upon a few,
 Affect them so, they fancy Heaven designed
 Them as superior to the general crew,
 When peradventure they more loathsome wiles pursue.

But hark! the gale with added fury blows,
 And wilder from their chains the waves are cast;
 Still to the storm our ship her canvas shows,
 Fearful to reef until to starboard past
 Those three lone isles. Then from each shiv'ring mast
 The belching sails were shortened in amain;
 Laborious task! to furl in such a blast,
 Or on the yard a footing to maintain
 When deep the vessel heels as ne'er to right again.

And one there was among our trusty crew,
Who sought the lee yard arm—a dangerous post
When winds like these so energetic blew.

He came from Candia, somewhere on the coast,
And in his youth, as he was wont to boast,
Had served in a smart Levantine polacca;
And oft among the Turks, his corsair host
Would single out some ship, board her and sack her,
And with unchristian gore her pitchy timbers lacker.

Antonio he was called; nor seaman's life
Than his career had e'er so chequer'd been;
With stirring acts each vivid page was rife,
Or tinged with hues of many a florid scene,
Such as invest youth's morn with dazzling sheen.
In manhood's prime again he swept the seas,
That stretch the weird Malaysian isles a-tween,
And oft as flashed his silver-glinting krees,
He gave his pirate banner to the piping breeze.

'Twas said he loved; that disappointment fell,
With its enduring sting had smote his heart,
And made of life an ever-burning hell,
Till all of good expired beneath the smart,
And demons rose to play their horrid part.
He had the air of one subdued by grief—
Of one who bore within a restless dart,
To whom no thing of earth could bring relief;
But in his lightest hours black Misery was chief.

But that was past; the blow had come and gone;
The wound was healed, though still the scar remained;
And oft in merriest mood, some flash upon
His soul would burst—and there awhile detained—
Writhe with a woe intense, that lingering reigned
Like an unconquered sin; till Pride would bring
His iron will to bear; Peace then regained
Stood fast; while Memory's envenomed sting,
Couched in her lair, prepared to make her cat-like spring.

Genius of ill! that ruthless doth awake
 The buried shadows of departed years,
 And on our souls in mournful music break
 The dirges of the dead; and bid our fears
 Rise with the sound dissolved in kindred tears;
 Alas! how few the joys thy pencil gilds;
 How dark the scene that in thy lune appears!
 When retrospection sweeps the vanished wilds—
 Her every backward glance another ruin builds!

He who hath mused until his mind became
 A boiling gulf of fierce tempestuous thought,
 Where fiends disported and with tongues of flame
 Up from the deep incessant horrors brought;
 Must by such woe—such hellish sorrow taught—
 Have cursed the hour of his nativity,
 And longed for respite—respite even sought
 In cold Occlusion's shadowy apathy;
 For soul may keenly feel when pulse hath ceased to be.

And thus Antonio: by continuous woe
 From cheerful man into a demon turned;
 His sullen breast still owned the fatal blow—
 Still for one shade his manly spirit burned,
 One lovely shade in sweet devotion urned;
 And his bronze cheek was plow'd by furrow'd care,
 The signals of a love that ever yearned,
 That ever felt its yearning empty air,
 Till it recoiling sank a prey to grim Despair.

Withal he lived—the wretched often live—
 When happier beings find untimely tombs;
 Each Fate their proper state doth rightly give—
 One suffers here—one in immortal glooms—
 As good or ill their future being dooms,
 So lived Antonio; till the awful roar
 Of coming Death through his rude nature booms,
 Calling his ghost to that mysterious shore,
 Whence none who tread its maze can earth again explore.

High swell the winds, as up the tapering stay
 Antonio springs. Thence on the yard he goes,
 O'er which in cascades huge the surges play—
 And there the flapping sail he snugly stows.
 Whilst thus employ'd, aloft the vessel rose
 On a vast wave, then plunging lurched a-lee;
 The quick convulsion down Antonio throws
 From his loose hold into the whelming sea,
 'Gainst which he long did cope in mortal agony.

Hoarse o'er the deck the dire alarm ran,
 And far astern the rattling life-line sped—
 Uncoiled in vain; swift from the drowning man
 The stooping ship in long-vibrations fled,
 And wintry beat the wave on his devoted head.
 He shouted; but his shrill, ear-piercing cries
 Bay'd but the winds and filled our hearts with dread
 As fixed perforce we stood; whilst from our eyes
 The bubbling drops show'd how we mourned the sacrifice.

'Twas done! The drama of his life was played;
 The curtain fell and all of earth had past;
 The closing debt of Nature had been paid;
 The full account of his existence cast,
 And the obstructed soul was free at last.
 Nor should we mourn him, or at his swift fate—
 If sudden, not untimely—stand aghast
 Since once we all must pass the dreadful gate,
 And to the crawling worm our temples dedicate.

White-starred Orion sinks beyond the deep,
 And calmer now the dying whirlwinds beat;
 The seas decreasing gradual sink to sleep,
 And clouds disparting, still on pinions fleet
 To leeward borne, career in wild retreat—
 Subsides the storm; the night revolving wanes,
 And morn awakes our weary eyes to greet;
 Then o'er the void a calm unbroken reigns;—
 Three days the vessel hangs, nor breath of wind obtains.

Three days wind-bound she burned beneath the sun
 That cloudless shot its fiery-natured rays;
 When, as the evening shades descended dun,
 A languid breeze across the ocean plays—
 Its urging force the yielding ship obeys.
 Then soon upon our beam a coast appear'd,
 Whose vernal heights awoke our loudest praise—
 Whilst Expectation, every bosom cheer'd,
 As tow'r'd the smiling shore our wonted course we veer'd.

He who hath tost upon the restless seas
 Whilst months unvaried rolled above his head—
 Dull months, surcharged with grim uncertainties,
 And all the dangerous toils the deeps bestead
 On such as may their treacherous mazes thread;
 How hath he felt his pulse vibrate anew
 When slow emerging from its watery bed—
 Thin as a vapor and as ether blue,
 Some land's dim outline beamed auspicious to his view.

High beat our hearts as brighter morning grew,
 And dim revealed, amid the purple haze—
 As silky mists aside their curtains drew—
 A lofty shore, to each expectant gaze.
 A shore with beauty clad, that might amaze
 The ardent Moslem, who in feverish dreams
 Foresees that blissful land, where houries' blaze,
 Sweet gardens bloom, and by clear-tinkling streams,
 The faithful gently rest while Joy perpetual beams.

Such this fair land. Soon on the placid tide
 Near quiet Auckland we at anchor swing;
 Anon with rapid keel the wave divide,
 As in the launch our sweeps resounding spring—
 To shoreward bent on subtle bartering.
 The strand attained; out from the boat we leap
 And join a troop of savages, who bring
 Barbaric objects all cast in a heap,
 Which like sly Jews they vow to barter very cheap.

We met these natives several leagues north-west
 Of Auckland; on a wide and barren shore
 Where spiry fern-trees waved in wild unrest,
 And rifted rocks with yellow lichens hoar
 Strew'd the sea's-margin in confusion o'er.
 Whilst far south-east, a lonely mountain rose,
 Whose peak no foot had ventured to explore,
 For thus the wise-men say—the legend goes—
 That round its granite head a storm malignant blows.

Extending west two lofty peaks appear,
 Once horrid in volcanic energy,
 But now extinct; bold, rugged, bleak and sere,
 They sullen stand in sad torpidity,
 Whilst round their craters mingled hideously
 Huge scoria-blocks oppress the rocky sides,—
 Huge lava-tracks still rug the blasted lea—
 Or from the ledge that land and sea divides
 In shivering columns yawn above the chafing tides.

'Twas daring Tasman and his roving crew
 Who first these islands in their wanderings found;
 When hither led in quest of countries new;
 Then heard one night the rolling breakers sound,
 The next at anchor lay in harbor-bound;
 Upon thy cliffs Eaheianowmawe, first
 His vision glanced; yet must his teeth have ground
 When thee, or Tavia Poenamoo, he burst
 From his torn jaws. Lud, how the Dutchman must have curst!

But if infernal in their names, these isles
 Are by boon Nature with rich gifts endow'd
 Such as few lands may boast. Yet vicious wiles
 Their copper hosts in a dark mantle cloud.
 A stalwart race are they, self-will'd and proud,
 Revengeful, fierce, and as a tiger cruel;
 Thus when a foe is caught th' inhuman crowd
 Consign him to a stack of blazing fuel;
 Then eat him with the gust of Scotchmen eating gruel.

Meanwhile as on the sandy beach we stood,
 A runner from an ancient chieftain came
 Desiring us to visit—if we would—
 His kingly home, as helpless, old and lame
 He lay bed-ridden—living on the fame
 Won when he joy'd in manhood's vigorous prime.
 Ere long we went—for commerce was our aim—
 And led, began a mountain-side to climb,
 Till reached a grot we saw a relic of old Time.

Dark was the grot, worn in a hollow crag
 Impending from the mount's basaltic side,
 Mete dwelling for some foul night-haunting hag;
 Or yelling ghost, or evil thing to bide,
 Or witch her spell to ply at eventide.
 Blood-freezing, too, as Winter's frigid scowl,
 This maori dread; where many chiefs had died;
 And gave their flesh to the carnivorous fowl,
 Which wheeling overhead in doleful flocks did howl.

We boldly prest into the gloomy grot,
 And soon distinguish'd through the twilight shade
 A withered being on a leafy cot,
 By a slow fire, almost untended laid.
 But one, a dark and pleasant-featur'd maid
 Stood by the couch of her expiring sire;
 In gleaming jad and maro white array'd,
 While oft she smote a rude, canorous lyre
 As if to soothe the soul so wrought with anguish dire.

But when the dusky maid ourselves beheld,
 She ceas'd to play and trembled in affright,
 While frequent sobs in sad succession well'd
 From her lorn breast. Betimes a varying light
 Glanc'd from her eyes, dark as the noon of night.
 She seemed so kind, so beautiful, so good,
 That the most rugged softened at the sight;
 And wrapt in wonder bold Ben Nebo stood,
 While warm Desire aroused the current of his blood.

Nor deem him weak within whose fiery veins
 Love's gushing torrent rolls its molten stream,
 'Tis Nature's self, this wondrous law ordains,
 And charms the sense with glowing thoughts, that seem
 But the wild fancies of a heated dream.
 'Tis Nature's self that cheers this lower state
 With Love's magnetic and exciting beam;
 That man may feel—and feeling recreate
 In pleasures which the dreams of Heaven ante-date.

But if each breast in loving tumult heaved,
 Still it was held within decorous bound,
 For all were with the sad event aggrieved
 And sorrow'd for the maid in anguish drown'd;
 For men at times with humane hearts are found.
 And gazing on the chief—a deep-drawn sigh
 Foretold th' event. Mad-like he glared around,
 In Death's rude grasp convuls'd. Then glaz'd his eye,
 The dank sweat stood upon his brow—he soon must die.

Ere long he went the ever solemn way
 That all 'must pass who eat of mortal food;
 And as inane upon the couch he lay,
 His beauteous child with tears his brow bedew'd,
 And fragrant flowers upon his bosom strew'd.
 Anon with pliant hand her harp she strung,
 And sang his praise in elegiac rude;
 Sonorous forth her plaintive voice she flung,
 And Echo shrill replied the answ'ring woods among.

Ben Nebo heard enrapt those ditties wild,
 As at the cavern's mouth he pensive stood
 Gazing upon the maid, by love beguil'd,
 In feverish, dreamy and uncertain mood,
 As passion kindled in his glowing blood.
 Yet he was not of common dust; he dealt
 Severely with the sports of Earth, pursued
 By her poor parasites. Yet now he felt—
 Ignoble thought! his heart in soft affection melt.

Nor proof against his love-inciting glance
 Was she—nymph of this rude volcanic glade;
 Coy in her tearful eye a flash would dance
 That could alight a hermit's bosom staid,
 And oft had havoc of lorn striplings made.
 Her gaze on Nebo fell, and added flame
 On his awaking love was surely laid.
 His whole frame kindled. He was not the same
 Now as erstwhile unto this fated place he came.

Ere long a troop of Maori's thread the cave,
 And bade the maiden hasten swift away;
 For day hung trembling o'er the western wave,
 And fixed for sea their lengthy barges lay;
 Obedient to their will she ceased to play,
 And sobbing left the cell; whilst all our band
 Departing, coursed the deep-descending way.
 But yet afore we reached the open strand
 Gray shadows stooped upon the circumambient land.

And when the sea's wide margin was attain'd—
 When sooty Night her veil incumbent spread
 On flood and fell, with keen emotion pain'd,
 We found that Nebo, who had walked ahead,
 Had from the ranks most singularly fled.
 The alarm given; at a halt we stood,
 Unslung our firelocks, and, with stealthy tread
 Through the dark glen our restless search pursued,
 And oftentimes we paused and lustily hallooed.

In vain; but Echo, from her weird recess
 Repeating, murmured to each wild halloo;
 Till with misgivings none would fain express,
 We stopp'd awhile uncertain what to do;
 When from a copse near by, a whistle blew,
 And instantly a shower of arrows fell
 Among our ranks. At once to arms we flew,
 Pour'd forth a volley, which produced a yell
 From the swart wretches. Then, we turned and crost the dell.

And on a ridge, like tigers held at bay,
 We kept our station all that ling'ring night,
 Unmoved till dawn; then formed in close array
 We made a charge to terminate the fight—
 We charged, and put the savages to flight;
 Then as we chased the panic-stricken men,
 Our hearts no mercy knew; but grim delight
 We felt, as furious through the rugged glen
 We gave them rolls of shot until they howled again.

Still Nebo came not; nor a single trace
 Of him, far as we sought was visible.
 Sudden he disappear'd, and at a place
 Where woods of densest growth o'er-hung the fell,
 And splinter'd chasms yawned all terrible—
 Here he was lost; tho' through what cause, in vain
 We strove to know. Still most believed the spell
 That bore him hence, was that pernicious bane
 Of weak-souled man—a woman—save this canting strain!

Is woman, then, a source of ill to man?
 It cannot be! 'Twas Nature sent her here
 His ills to soothe, but not his ire to fan;
 To temper every blast that circles near;
 To love and cheer him as a being dear.
 For this she lives; and as your husband teaches,
 Your matron follows up her part austere—
 Hugs, cooks, doats, toils, and even neatly stitches
 That most repulsive thing—a pair of worn out breeches.

Is woman, then, the enemy of man?
 She who will love him so that e'en his pants—
 Snip's curse upon them! pass beneath her scan,
 And those sweet eyes that kindle at a glance
 O'er torn limb-covers sharply look askance.
 Is she his foe? She who would do all this?
 Hear Echo answer, no! What can enhance
 Man's comfort more—What so increase his bliss,
 As a sweet woman who in nothing is remiss?

A truce to preaching. As the sun declin'd
 We reached our boats and o'er the chafing main
 Swift-pulling sought the brig, aggrieved to find
 No sign of our lost comrade; but again
 Resolved to press no more the Maori plain,
 Straitway uphove our chain; and smart the breeze
 That filled our sails. Yet as we toiled amain,
 A seaman, on the beach a figure sees;
 And cries vociferous rise in sounding melodies.

Our task laborious for awhile we stay'd;
 Our glasses on the stranger bring to bear,
 And gladly scan through the involving shade
 Our bold Ben Nebo. Soon a lusty pair
 Of oarsmen in the gig, no labor spare
 To fetch the truant to his pitchy home.
 Thence safe install'd, he told with simple air
 How he from the land-rovers came to roam;
 But we'll be brief, for all he said would fill a tome.

The cause of his evanishment, was this:
 That being caught in Love's pernicious snare,
 He had determined—though he went to Dis—
 To seize the dusky maid—and perforce bear
 Her to the brig. Yet ere the deed he dare
 Attempt, a band of Maoris plac'd amid
 A thicket sent a shower of arrows fair
 A-past his ears; but the thick darkness hid
 Him from their aim. He fled; and where a pyramid

Of rock arose he made a warlike stand
 Against the cruel hordes that battled round;
 But when in pieces flew his shivered brand,
 Death had indeed the misadventure crown'd
 Had he in timely flight no refuge found.
 Thence safe he lay conceal'd in forest close,
 Whilst serpent-like his crafty foe-men wound
 Through the dark wood. At length reliev'd of foes,
 He sallied from his lair and to the sea-shore goes.

But though escap'd with life, he was, in sooth,
 A man of grief—sad to the last degree—
 For hopeless Love frowned on his opening youth,
 And every year increased his misery;
 But still his cup full as it seem'd to be,
 Was yet to darken with a deadlier gall;
 A wilder wave must rug his angry sea;
 A dismal blast descend surpassing all—
 And gloomy Desolation on his bosom fall.

Avast! let Luna-smitten songsters sing
 The pangs of hopeless Love in measured state!
 We, who cold-blooded are in every thing
 Are somewhat skeptic on that pensive fate—
 The ghostly vapor of a morbid pate.
 If such there be—as poets represent—
 Unhappy lovers forced to separate,
 And moan through dreary years with sorrow shent,
 Then by the gods 'tis well when they with earth are blent!

Three weeks revolve: and now afloat again
 We sweep excursive o'er the lawless wave;
 Nor aught of ill experience; nor restrain
 Our course, till Farewell, from his briny grave
 Cloud-capp'd ascends. Then rude the tempests rave;
 But nautic skill prevails their fury o'er,
 And smoother seas at length our channels lave;
 North-curving now we seek the broken shore,
 Press through the boisterous straits and see the Cape no more.

Chain-bound we swing. Ashore the seamen leap;
 Engage in barter with a swarthy band,
 Who had of native wares a motley heap—
 Such as are wrought by many a skilful hand—
 By nature taught—within this unknown land;
 And they—the people—were a noble race—
 Few forms so perfect eye of limner scann'd;
 Yet quaint tattoo disfigured every face,
 Where untam'd Passion left its grim, repellent trace.

Uncouth the manners of these vengeful tribes—

As polar night their minds barbaric dark;
These briefly th' untutored muse describes,
Or rather customs worthy of remark;
Thus, when in death a Maori lieth stark,
They think three days from thence, his heart away
Is borne, closed in a shell of kouri bark,
By a huge angel, swift to climes that lay
Beyond the molten disk, there as a soul to stay.

Here in the midst of pleasure, quite at ease

The hearty ghost maintains an envied state—
Alone it lives. No other ghost can tease
Or maul, when once 't has left its fleshy weight
Like an old chrysalis, to dessicate
On this dry earth. But in that blest abode
All sorts of pleasures tend to elevate;
Which to enjoy, should make a man unload
Life's mighty burden, and pursue so fair a road.

And suicide, that rather doubtful act

The stolid Maori deems a proper deed;
Nor on the couch of anguish long be rack'd,
When from a scratch an artery can bleed,
And his good heart from every trouble freed,
Find sweet repose in its appointed Heaven;
But women most, who most may Heaven need,
Affect this sort of soul-exalting leaven;
And to one man self-slain of women there are seven.

For instance, 'tis a very common thing,

For maids to whom Love's favors come amiss,
To end their mishaps by a sliding string,
And slip their souls into eternal bliss—

A most judicious policy is this.
Ay, even matrons who have wrought to passion
Their loving lords, and felt a cudgel kiss
Their shoulders, have eschewed another lashin',
By cutting their dear throats. A very worthy fashion.

And quite worth copying by our christian dames;
 As then of nuptial ills there might be less,
 And less of those debasing midnight games,
 That scmetimes Wedlock's votaries distress,
 With pangs that celibates could ne'er depress.
 For if they used the Maori's hard decree—
 That wives when flogg'd should turn to nothingness,
 A horsewhip would set ill-match'd couples free,
 Silence their growls—egad! and help morality.

But if from savage ethics we should scorn
 To learn, let us the fierce barbarian view
 With some attention, as of fable shorn
 He stands in his primeval nature true,
 Disclosing traits that moralists may rue.
 How strange the phases of our mortal race!
 How strong in all is evil shadow'd through!
 How hard to deem such grovelling things the place,
 The shrine, of a pure flame that time cannot efface!

But who shall judge? Perhaps in the vilest, dwells
 That which may live when planets have expired;
 There is in man a monitor that tells
 Of an immortal something; but enwired
 In fleshly coils, that yield not as desired;
 It lies in cryptic bars imbound, close pent
 Like a caged eagle, whose spirit fired
 With thoughts exultant as for Heaven meant—
 Shackled remains—a soul—with callow ashes blent.

Terrific thought! Is man a deathless thing?
 Will he exist when known no longer here?
 If so, 'tis well to give up vaporing
 And trim the sails anew; nor more career
 In those fell tracks through which so many steer.
 Life's but a dream—a little puppet show—
 Compared to what may be beyond the bier;
 If all its years were prest into one woe,
 They would not make the wise one joy of Heaven forego.

What is this world; what are its trifling joys
 To him who hears the last sad tocsin sound?
 When all that's beautiful his fancy cloys,
 And his wan sight, where'er it glares around
 Sees but a hollow in the yawning ground.
 How vain, how pygmy, then all earth appears,
 How dread the future deep in horrors drowned,
 How much the soul the doubtful exit fears;
 And anguish in each sigh foreboding Conscience hears.

Enough of this cant, theologic stuff—
 Out on the man who would his betters teach!
 He merits for his pains a sound rebuff;
 For 'tis the height of impudence to preach,
 Or with rude sense the chafing rabble teach.
 The wisest mind will on itself revert,
 And by experience warned, like flint, to each
 Gregorian sentiment remain inert;
 The dullest student thinks the wisest tutor pert.

Whilst thronged upon the shell-bespangled strand
 Our men a commerce with the blacks essay'd,
 The chief Tom-a-tee-wa-kee, and a band
 Of giant guards, a first appearance made,
 Stalking in lordly pride the vernal glade.
 A man of war this chief—his endless name
 Was syllabled afar. 'Twas grimly said
 That when Tasman unto this island came,
 He ate a whole boat's crew and made a deathless fame.

As on the beach he stood, his tawny hand
 Vain-glorious swayed a stony-headed spear;
 Two anklets wrought of jad his ankles spann'd,
 And coral drops hung pendant from each ear;
 But what the timid most did strike with fear,
 Were blood-red patches o'er his features smear'd,
 So that he made a figure rather queer
 To contemplate; but woe to such as sneer'd,
 Since in his own conceit, perfection he appeared.

Nor on his face alone vermillion glowed,
 Big rings of crimson 'bout his limbs were placed,
 Whilst lurid moons in hideous glory showed
 A wavering cluster round his naked waist,
 By a light maro negligently braced.
 A king he was: beneath a moa's plume
 He stood like some old god in splendor graced,
 Whose glance might penetrate the farthest gloom;
 Bid Nature smile serene, or funeral garbs assume.

But most he gloried in an ornament
 That kings had seldom worn upon their backs,
 Save when upon the scaffold overbent;
 It was but a ship-carpenter's broad-axe
 Fit to fell spars or beat off deck attacks;
 Which as a present came from Captain Cook,
 Who sent it by a dozen well-armed jacks.
 The shining pledge our chief delighted took—
 Then hung it from his neck to make him better look.

Meanwhile we traded; and like traders smart,
 Extoll'd our own and damn'd the Maori wares;
 In short, engaged in every trading art—
 To plant our coils or scape our neighbor's snares;
 For he who in commercial matters spares,
 Is a mere fool; since if our sight be true
 'Twould be as safe to thread brigandish lairs
 With a fat wallet; as in business, to
 Look for fair-dealing when so many like to jew.

When the Sinopean with his greasy link
 Went barking out to seek an honest man,
 He must have been a little daft, to think
 That with a common flambeau, he could scan
 That creature never known since time began.
 Though often sought, remaining still unknown;
 A phoenix in the great creative plan;—
 A priceless gift from human bosoms flown;
 Enough to make a god though held itself alone.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God":—

So wrote that curt, incisive genius, Pope;
 And, whilst accordant to its truth we nod,
 The axiom cuts into the heart of Hope,
 And Nature vainly emulates the trope.
 Withal, the world survives the bitter loss,
 Or, if it feel, can with its sorrow cope.
 An honest man no doubt—like gold in dross—
 Might with pure lustre shine; but who would bear his cross?

To be eccentric by the mob is deemed
 A woful, or at least unseemly, sign;
 An independent mind is ill esteemed,
 By oafs who never trespass on the line
 Which Fashion sets, her vassals to confine.
 Hence woe to him who, in this piping age,
 Would as an "honest man" his course define—
 Right soon would he in Bedlam find a cage,
 Or in inch peices rent attest the public rage.

Go to, thou preacher—cease thy irksome strain!
 These dull, long-winded dissertations fly;
 Resume thy prime discourse, and tell again
 How pass'd events our hardy seamen by.
 Soon as dusk Eve in shadows brooded nigh,
 A maid appears! Fair is her blooming form,
 And coy the glance of her expressive eye;
 Long are her locks, and red her lips, and warm
 Her winning smile—'twould take the coldest heart by storm.

Clad in such charms, no wonder if this maid
 Were by our heroes very much admired;
 For man is with such wanton thoughts inlaid
 That by a simple look his blood is fired,
 And Reason sinks in sodden passion mired.
 Pale Virtue, then, completely put to rout,
 Retreats till Pleasure gains what Love desired;
 Which, after all, is hardly worth a flout—
 Venus insidious lures, then rudely turns you out.

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 With thy all-powerful—all-alluring bane;
 Chief of our ills, since mother Eve began
 To long for that whose sad effect was Cain—
 Whose sad effect still haunts the human strain.
 Nor with the heart alone thy mission ends;
 But at thy mercy oft our purse is lain;
 And when thy worshipper his cash expends,
 Cast from thy arms to rot the hapless wretch descends.

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 A sullen boom rolled o'er the ruffled deep:
 A signal from the ship, bidding the mate
 And his bold comrades from the battle keep,
 And swift unto the waiting vessel sweep.
 They heed the summons: soon her pitchy walls
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 The windlass arm; and as the tempest falls,
 Heave round the rattling coils tim'd by the clanging pauls.

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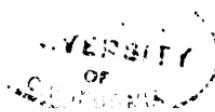
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 And raked the foe with fusilades of shot,
 Whilst heaps of swarthy dead begrimed th' accursed spot.

Meanwhile they set the carpenter to work,
 Who of some timbers built a sturdy screen;
 Behind this all the crew did closely lurk,
 And fire whene'er the crafty foes were seen
 To issue from their covert, and between
 The arching trees discharge their weapons rude.
 But though our men maintain'd a dauntless mien,
 The Maoris were with such fierce rage endued,
 That neither vantage gained in the protracted feud.

While yet the seamen held their wav'ring state,
 A sullen boom rolled o'er the ruffled deep:
 A signal from the ship, bidding the mate
 And his bold comrades from the battle keep,
 And swift unto the waiting vessel sweep.
 They heed the summons: soon her pitchy walls
 Receive them from the waves that warring leap.
 The windlass arm; and as the tempest falls,
 Heave round the rattling coils tim'd by the clanging pauls.



The moon recedes beyond the misty west,
 And all around but foaming billows play;
 Swift wing the frigate-birds in wild unrest,
 And shrieking the descending orbic bay,
 Whilst fast the trader plows her onward way.
 The land is gone, no more its rocky arms
 A shelter lend, no more its shoals betray;
 All, all have pass'd, and sea-born storms and calms,
 And terrors unexpress'd here vent their dread alarms.

CANTO II.

Ye shrill sea-breezes that so plaintive sigh
 O'er the bleak bosom of the sleepless sea:—
 Sing as resounds your doleful lullaby,
 Of such as exiled from the peaceful lea,
 Feel thy sharp fangs in full severity;
 In thunder tones, O ocean! roll along
 The dark, dark woe of those whom Destiny
 Dooms o'er the lawless wave their course prolong—
 Cærulean Neptune join, O join the mournful song!

As the free bird that cleaves the boundless air
 With nought to interrupt her forward flight,
 So once again the dashing sea we dare,
 And fly exultant on the tempest's might,
 While swift astern the billow flashes white;
 And sweet the joy we feel, when piping loud
 The wild wind whistles round the topmast light,
 Strains the taut sail and murmurs thro' the shroud,
 Whilst on the good ship flies with vibrant force endowed.

Lost was Ned Bastion. Oblivion drew
 O'er him a veil which none could penetrate;
 Nor to be lifted, till with hand anew
 Upon the tablets of omniscient Fate,
 Should rise expos'd each vague, mysterious trait.
 So let him rest. Nor on his errors dwell;
 Nor anxious on his doubtful end debate—
 Since 'tis the same, where'er we cast the shell
 When we shall cease to be, all equal slumber well.

Cook's fretful Straits have far to windward past,
 And smiling skies inspire each hopeful breast;
 The course for Santelmo is set; and fast
 Before fresh aiding gales the trader prest;
 And by no ill-presaging sign distrest,
 The men rejoice. To merriment give rein;
 Huge canteens flow—rude music adds its zest;
 They dance, they revel, and they sing amain;
 And long as storms permit their jocund sports maintain.

Ah, could we thus with lithesome folly cheer
 The cold dull round of this attritious life,
 Less grim, less absolute, it might appear—
 Man less with upas attributes seem rife,
 And to exist require less bitter strife.
 But no! this is a dismal place of tears,
 Where to each heart Destruction holds a knife:
 He who with mirth his cup of sorrow cheers,
 Like a mad clown among a troop of ghosts appears.

Who stranger is to woe? Whose breast ne'er felt
 The arrowy thought of that terrific hour
 When flesh shall into mould'ring ashes melt,
 And all that lived, at Death's corrosive lower,
 Yield all its beauty, all its pomp, and power.
 Who hath not trembled at the very thought,
 And felt the sweetest cup of pleasure sour,
 That all he loved, lived for, and wrought,
 Must feed the livid worm, and crumble into nought?

Ill boots it what our state, when earthward prone
 We hear the clarion calling us to leave
 This shallow world, and enter all alone
 The mansions of the dead. How deep we grieve
 To part, for on this little scene we weave
 Those fragile woofs our wonder and delight—
 Alas! so often shining to deceive.
 Poor timid things! We loathe so far a flight;
 Fearful if lost the way we plunge in endless night.

What riseth dimly on the briny verge
 With rugged peak ascending to the sky?
 'Tis fair Santelmo, centred on the surge,
 Aloof from all the isles, that clust'ring lie
 Beneath Ascian's azure canopy.
 Here like some goddess of the deep, she stands;
 Whose strength alone the tempest can defy,
 Nor Ocean heed, though harsh upon her sands
 He leads with sullen rein his rude, impetuous bands.

As to our gaze the island plainer grew,
 A hideous spectre caught each startled eye;
 By whirlwinds urged across the deep, it blew
 Till on our beam it foaming thundered by;
 Alarmed we saw the watery spire draw nigh,
 And steer almost athwart the traders' course;
 While round the billows heave, and upward fly,
 Till one huge jet revolves with lightning force:
 Loud howl the curling winds; seas raging bellow hoarse.

Our gunner comes: the starboard guns are primed,
 Their muzzles on the watery column bear;
 Quick as the vessel 'lurched—by order timed—
 The linstocks on the nitrous priming flare;
 One loud concussion rends the trembling air.
 Re-echoing ocean murmurs to the roar
 Deep as the lion thunders, when his lair
 Invasive feels the foe. Down-crashing pour
 The broken torrents vast; and lo! the peril's o'er!

The transient deluge past; our course again
 For Santelmo's uprising shores we held;
 When, as the glaring day began to wane,
 O'er a long shelf where high the breakers swell'd;
 Into a landlocked cove the brig impell'd;
 Here laid secure, we swing at anchor bound
 Amid a scene whose weird enchantment spell'd
 Our souls as with a talisman; around
 Romantic prospects rose with nemorous beauties crowned.

Soon as the crimson beams of daylight rose,
 Away to land our men for water rowed;
 Moor near a fount, whose crystal current flows
 Low-bickering down a ledge. The casks they load,
 And strong-lashed, in appointed order stowed.
 This done, in dalliance for awhile on shore
 They roam excursive. As along they strode,
 With wistful eyes they scan the landscape o'er,
 And muse on scenes whose like none e'er beheld before.

Scenes bright as visions of that beauteous home,
 Islam's great Prophet promiseth the blest;
 Led by sweet hours, ever pleased, they roam
 Through fairy regions of enchanted rest,
 Where suns are clear; fields alway vernal drest;
 Woods thick with leaves; and flowery all the dales,
 Where brooklets wind; and o'er the lakelet's breast
 The sacred bird in tuneful joyance sails,
 And beats with flapping wing the spicy-laden gales.

Here in this isle a dreamy beauty reigned;
 Soft overhead the fleecy clouds appeared;
 Harmonious warblers in the woods maintained
 A joyous chorus that diffusive cheered—
 Our seamen wondering at the music weird.
 Delicious languor, too, her elfin woof
 Spread o'er the lands. Romance each spot endear'd;
 Still unimprest by man's destructive hoof,
 All-glorious Nature bloomed from human wiles aloof.

Here the wild bee pursued its droning flight,
 Industrious plunderer of the honeyed flowers;
 And chiming through the long moon-shining night
 Sad campanero tolled the waning hours;
 Or, sealed amid the deep umbrageous bowers,
 Her dual note the lonely cuckoo plays;
 Whilst—keen presager of approaching showers—
 The restless heron flutters through the maze,
 Or, from some blasted tree th' aerial tumult bays.

Eld trees arise: grim druids of the wood,
 Long since beshorn of their prime loveliness,
 Solemn they frown upon the solitude;
 Whilst younger monarchs tenderly caress
 Their gay companions, and with pomp impress
 The neighboring scenery. Ten thousand dyes
 Imprint the glebe; and in each green recess
 Sun-colored fruits the dazzled eye surprise,
 And the prospective still in varied beauty vies.

Prime over all the Artocarpus reigns—
 Majestic monarch of the torrid zone—
 From whose all-generous and prolific veins,
 As winds among his topmost branches moan,
 The goodly bread-fruit is spontaneous thrown.
 Tree of the countless isles! Thou beauteous thing—
 Thou life dispenser; what could e'er atone
 The loss of thee? whence blessings constant spring;
 Nature's auspicious gift, Ascian muses sing!

Ascia's dusky race thy fruit maintains;
 Thy bark a shelter offers from the heat;
 From thy light wood the swift canoe obtains;
 As plates thy leaves support the frugal treat;
 And from thy pores glutinous juices sweet
 Distilled, the pangs of fiery thirst abate;
 Or lime exude to snare th' ortolans feet;
 No part of thee is waste. Benignant Fate,
 Thee into being called sharp misery to rebate.

Whilst gazing on the varied prospect round,
 On a tall hummock the bold seamen stood,
 And saw immured in shady groves profound,
 A hamlet just obtruding through the wood—
 Sole sign of man in this deep solitude.
 Fired at the sight; all caution cast aside;
 And vowed with many an exclamation rude,
 That if the chief should not averse decide,
 To reach the village ere descent of eventide.

Permission given, at once they haste away,
 Led by the mate, and well supplied with arms;
 When, just as shut the drooping lid of day,
 Their van vociferous the watch alarms;
 Men sought their spears, and maids conceal'd their charms.
 But mauger all; they marched into the town—
 A pretty place o'ergrown by waving palms;
 When soon they met—a native with a crown;
 He was a king they found—else they had knocked him down.

Soon as he saw them, his sardonic mien
 Vouchsafed to wrinkle with an ugly smile;
 He turned and led them to an arbor green,
 Where he was wont his liesure to beguile,
 And toy with maidens loveliest of the isle;
 Thence he produced a most substantial cheer;
 Flesh, herbs and fruit, and fish aglow in oil;
 And bade them eat, nor aught of evil fear;
 For he by Nature was a generous cavalier.

Withal they longed for an inspiring taste
 Of crystal whisky or brown-colored rum;
 Either of which when ardently embraced,
 Will act the part of a funereal drum,
 And tap a man head-first to regions glum.
 They had no grog. To ease this want severe,
 Old cocoa-toddy served their wits to numb—
 And so 'twixt many an oath, and many a leer,
 They swore their host was quite a royal grenadier.

Nor stopt his bounty here. It farther spread,
 And joys provided of a fairer kind;
 His guests into a spacious hut he led,
 And to each tar a buxom girl assigned,
 In whom a Pasha might new pleasure find;
 And when like doves the wanton throngs were paired;
 He bade a fluter raise the sounding-wind,
 Whereat each maid her agile figure bared,
 And with our fervid men in mazy dancing shared.

Bismillah! 'twould astound a sultan's eyes
 To see those dark girls in that amorous dance;
 As each coy maid her toil enslaving plies,
 Her lover's native ardor to enhance
 And steep his soul in Passion's molten trance;
 Whilst as she swept in graceful circles round,
 Desires' hot wishes flashed in every glance,
 And firing at each warm, bewildering bound,
 Longed in fruition's dreams to find those wishes crowned.

Out on the dance! it is the vilest thing
 The cloven-footed genius ever brought
 Into this world; virtue to loose, and fling
 Light-headed souls, by rapid motion caught,
 Into the gulf—or better, into naught.
 Out on the dance! 'Tis in the giddy reel
 The plastic virgin Love's delights is taught;
 When made the pressing hand betimes to feel,
 Her bosom throbs with thoughts 'twere safer to conceal.

Forbear! These natives are a comely race—
 True sons of Anak, as their stature quite
 O'er-topt our tallest lad—Alonzo Brace,
 A Portugese, above six feet in hight;
 And all in strength display'd enormous might.
 Unclad the men; the younger women, though
 Less careless, hide their graces from the sight
 By flaxen aprons, yet contrive to show
 Enough of charms, whose like few pale-faced maidens know.

Both sexes use tattoo; dye their teeth black;
 And every man has several lusty wives,
 Whom he as serfs compels the grain to stack,
 Hew wood, draw water, edge his flinty knives,
 Rear children, cook, and first the honey'd hives
 Bare-faced attack. Whilst he as master oft
 Loud-roaring to her task the woman drives;
 Thus by hard usage she becomes quite soft,
 And humbled never bears a haughty port aloft.

The native king was quite an ancient man,
 With power despotic vested in his will;
 The isle was his; and since his reign began
 He had contrived with very little skill,
 One half of his unhappy race to kill.
 But he was king; and kings, though common dust,
 Would lower be unless they loved to spill
 Blood by the hogshead. However, Fate is just,
 And kingly souls from Heaven may old Saint Peter thrust.

He had a daughter with great beauty rife—
 No lovelier damsel e'er was ushered in,
 (To lead an easy sort of useless life)
 In this round world of wretchedness and sin—
 Of doubtful virtue and distempered gin.
 Lithe was her form in dusky charms array'd,
 And fit her glance the coldest heart to win,
 For Love's delicious wiles by Nature made,
 She reigned the queen of hearts o'er all this sea-girt glade.

But sealed within her breast there was a pang
 That told of feverish wishes unsubdued—
 Of sleepless thoughts, whose adder-venomed fang
 Wounds deepest in the hour of solitude,
 Nor fails to lance in the convivial mood.
 Soul-piercing dreams that fated mortals speed
 To graves unripe. With such life's road is strewed;
 Our steps along these hopeless ruins lead—
 Ruins by sad affection ever doomed to bleed.

O Love! what is thy genius, that thou must
 With anguish wring the too-confiding heart?
 Pursue with terror till he turn to dust
 The hapless wretch destined to feel the dart;
 Yet, yet delay the soul from flesh to part!
 Thou fatal archer! Tyrant of our race,
 Ordained to smite with never-healing smart,
 And in our breast a beauteous image place,
 Which if in youth's prime fixed no other can efface.

Supreme thy power; yet, but a sacred few
 Feel its effect through long and ling'ring years;
 Whose souls are tempered in a furnace, true—
 Whose hearts are pure—whom misery bathes in tears.
 These, these thy ruthless brand delighted sears;
 These thy delight to fill with sharp unrest—
 Unrest increasing as the sand careers;
 Till, last dread refuge of the grief opprest,
 The gloomy grave extends its cold sequestered breast.

In vain earth's shallow joys to him atone
 Who mourns the loss of a congenial love;
 He in relentless pathos stands alone,
 Like some lorn tree, that singled from the grove—
 Smote by th' electric fury from above,
 Changed by the shock, becomes a ruined spar.
 All cheerful beauties from its nature drove,
 Sad droops its rifted head, and every scar
 Pernicious speaks its fate and heralds it afar.

Enough, enough, forbear so dull a theme,
 The dark chimera of disordered brains;
 'Tis sickly kinds that of affection dream;
 Or think its bands composed of iron chains.
 Love is but Passion, changing as the vanes
 That restless wander to the veering winds;
 A moment in one heart perchance remains—
 Then with frail bonds another victim binds;
 'Tis like true Virtue which no searcher ever finds.

It chanced there was among the crew, a youth
 Who from Tasmania as a sea-boy came;
 His sire had been a ranger, and in sooth,
 Upon a scaffold tumbled out in shame,
 Leaving to prison writh a doubtful fame.
 He was a Maltese—Jack Ispara called—
 And like his honored sire was counted game;
 At least his spirit never could be thralled:
 He beat the boatswain thrice—and once the skipper mauled.

Jack had a lion heart; yet he was famed
 For his success in acts of gallantry;
 Acts so profound, Don Juan would have shamed
 Had he e'er lived to hear their strategy,
 Or to behold the youth's pomposity.
 But let these pass; to prudes they might appear
 As spiced with something of coarse ribaldry—
 And we are moral too; Jack—it was queer—
 Would charm the dullest girl by one good sidelong leer.

May the good Virgin save all virtuous maids
 From such dread men and from their looks oblique;
 But most from their embrace, which so degrades
 All that is lovely in the sex, so meek—
 The sex by vulgar error reckoned weak.
 May all the angels—if indeed, there's any—
 Preserve their lower sisters, when men seek
 To blast their characters, of which there's many,
 Nor deem a moral man no better than a zany.

Jack saw the gentle maid: “Aha!” quoth he,
 (As on her charms his eye admiring shone),
 “This buxom maiden is a prize for me;
 No arms but mine so fair a form shall own—
 My lips her cheek impress and mine alone,”
 He said: then sprang his amorous arts to wield—
 Sighed as he gazed and spoke in piteous tone,
 When soon the god of hearts this truth reveal'd:
 That woman close-besieged must to the sieger yield.

Love knit their hearts: he stoopt to Beauty's charms;
 She blooming youth in modest zeal desir'd;
 Love's magnet lured to warm congenial arms,
 And Hymen's torch voluptuous wishes fired—
 Such the keen joys affection fond inspir'd.
 Ispara, in the sweet enchantment bound,
 With his beloved into the isle retired,
 And wandering where no trace could e'er be found,
 In secret hid. Success their resolution crowned.

Our commerce ended: to the seas once more
 We give our lives and our storm-beaten bark;
 While sinks astern Santelmo's azure shore,
 And rolling clouds arise in squadrons dark.
 Winds still are mute; but lo! afar, we mark
 A sable cloud upon the purple sky
 Advancing tow'r'd the vertic. And soon, hark!
 That melancholy sough—th' presaging sigh
 Of howling winds that rack the starless canopy.

Adieu ye scenes of sweet arcadian bliss,
 That to our eyes your varied beauties spread;
 How fair the contrast to a scene like this
 Where jarring tempests rouse the watery bed
 And beat inclement on the wanderer's head.
 Hoarse-sounding from the hyperborean pole
 The windy gods across the billows tread;
 Jove's thund'ring bolts along the concave roll,
 And the terrific scene with horror fills the soul.

And fast before the wild, pursuing waves,
 Like a winged thing the shivering vessel flew;
 Whilst, as with force increased the tempest raves,
 Green fear glowers on the pale, despairing crew,
 Who sick at heart their doleful station rue.
 But Fate at length, with milder aspect frowned;
 Fixed to a point the hoarse tornado blew;
 North-west-by-west we scoured the bleak profound;
 Three weary weeks elapse and terrors still confound.

Low did she stoop among those boiling seas,
 Whilst every joint rang out its sad refrain,
 As if with voice endowed, its miseries
 To chant unto the rude, tumultuous main,
 On which full many a heart had toiled in vain,
 As roared the billows in malignant glee;
 And many a tender heart had mused amain
 When the shrill night-winds, driving o'er the lea
 Have piped around the home of him who plowed the sea.

At length the blust'ring winds began to lull—
 The seas to sleep—the clouds to break away;
 And the awaking sun, emerging full,
 Gave cheering promise of a calmer day,
 And roused our spirits with his smiling ray.
 Again the long imprisoned sails are spread,
 Whilst aiding gales in strains alluring play;
 Nor more the wind-god's hellish wrath we dread;
 Peace gilds the shining wave; the long, long storm has fled.

"A sail, a sail!" the watch sonorous cries,
 And at the cry all hands expectant gaze;
 "A sail, a sail," the master's voice replies,
 As through his glass he sweeps the distant haze,
 And with attention a dim speck surveys;
 Soon round the deck the sad announcement goes,
 And every face emotion dark betrays;
 She is a proa—fellest of the foes—
 Who in these lonely seas commercial barks oppose.

And now she squares the rising gale before,
 Fresh canvas spreads and for our vessel steers;
 Whilst from each port the long resounding oar
 Aglow with foam in serried file appears,
 And cannon loom above in frowning tiers.
 As the swift vulture on its quarry flies,
 So to her prey the fierce Sumatran veers;
 Till fancy seems to hear th' exultant cries
 That crown the triumph of her darkling enterprise.

No season this for craven-like delay,
 For fast the corsair draws within the range
 Of her bow guns. At once to bear away
 The orders given; anew our course we change,
 And north-west scud for Fijian waters strange.
 Three hours we fly; when lo, a jet of smoke
 Springs from the proa's head, and poor Will Stange,
 Falls bleeding to the deck; his shoulder broke
 By a huge splint rent from the counter's solid oak.

The fearful spectacle our vengeance woke,
 And swift a-port the carronades we ran;
 Then as the proa cleared her smoky cloak
 We luffed, and sudden thro' her teeming van
 A broadside pour'd. And now the fight began
 In real earnest. Shots incessant stream;
 Small arms resound; and louder o'er the span
 Great cannon roar; anon a piercing scream
 Foretold some wretch had closed lifes' miserable dream.

But fate is everything. A plunging shot
 From out the proa's forward chaser sped;
 It struck the mainmast; from the riven spot
 A splinter issued; one sailor dead,
 Another wounded on the deck it spread.
 These to the sick-bay we at once convey'd,
 Clear'd off the wreck, the mainmast's tottering head
 With sturdy tackle in position stay'd,
 Then to the brunt of war like bold tarpaulins laid.

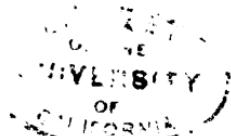
Unbent the contest till the veil of night
 In deepest shade the grim combatants hid,
 Then ceased contention; though the gory fight
 Might yet begin when morning's waking lid,
 Diffusing lustre, should the hostile bid
 To arms. But as auspicious winds prevailed
 And darkness favored, we resolved to rid
 Ourselves of the Malay. Away we sailed,
 And many leagues had crost ere Heaven's beacons paled.

As sunk in light Bootes silvery car,
 And from the vertic fled the Northern Wain,
 We gazed across the heaving deep afar,
 But saw no proa ply the chase amain
 All-furious bent the battle to maintain;
 Clear were the seas, far as we questioned, clear;
 Pleased at the sight our courage we regain;
 And urged tow'rd Fijian Isles three days career—
 When lo! what mystic coasts upon our lee appear!

His chart the master scans, but scans in vain,
 Whilst dark suspicions o'er his senses creep;
 No isle here marks the hydrographic plane,
 Unsounded billows here unbroken sweep;
 Still as he looked upon the frowning steep,
 In full relief against the azure thrown,
 With quicker force his throbbing pulses leap,
 And added lustre in his vision shone;
 He first had found this land, unto the world unknown!

He slyly laughed, and when his sextant showed
 The true location of this nameless isle,
 He almost seemed to feel Fame's crushing load
 Upon his shoulders press, in such fine style
 That he ranked far above the common file.
 For he, like humans all, was soft on fame,
 And to be famous would as lief exile
 The few poor virtues which adorn a name,
 Or raise man o'er the brute, by instinct much the same.

Oh for a voice like some gruff auctioneer,
 To curse the mischiefs that proceed from fame;
 Which like another Eve, has settled here
 To spread awide the scathing blast of shame,
 And Satan's larders fill with human game.
 Of all the ills in life's portentous list,
 Fame is the worst. She is an artful dame,
 Who pouts her lips but rarely can be kiss'd,
 And when within our grasp most suddenly is miss'd.



She is a jilt—the deuce to every heart,
 A queen with every wicked fancy fraught;
 Withal admired, and lured by every art;
 Since few desire to be accounted nought,
 Or die without one battle being fought;
 For men are fond of rising—like good leaven—
 More bent on teaching than on being taught;
 Still, where one floats, of sinker's there are seven;
 And after all there's doubt if this ONE gets to Heaven.

And man's a pompous creature; like a crane,
 Though placed on earth he lifts his head on high,
 And often soars above his low domain,
 As if his nature was to upward fly
 And in remoteness dodge the sharpest eye.
 Vain fool! however far he chance to soar,
 His clumsy shape the dullest sight can spy,
 And though gay plumes his carcass cover o'er,
 'Tis but a man beneath—a paltry man—no more.

“Fame is a rose upon a dead man's breast”—
 So saith the proverb—but, my lad, belay;
 This tiresome canting now should surely rest;
 Preaching is folly when it fails to pay—
 So quoth the canters of the present day;
 And taking their advice, our moral strain,
 Like a coiled halser, shall in storage lay
 Until the spirit moves us, when again
 We may resume our theme and sermonize—in vain.

Ben Nebo stood upon the deck, as Eve,
 Deep-blushing, gleamed across the purple surge;
 And pensive, saw the ruddy glimmer leave
 The western skies, and glowering o'er the verge
 Slow-paced to Night's engulfing void emerge;
 He heard the billow's sob, the mews' shrill cry,
 The fitful zephyrs melancholy dirge,
 Till Thought awaking, with a deep-drawn sigh
 Joined the sad chorus with her plaintive lullaby.

What cometh from the gloomy realms of death,
 With graceful step and form of fairest mold?
 Whilst soft as summer winds expiring breath—
 As bells that tinkle from some distant fold,
 Or music from some seraph harpist roll'd,
 Her voice melodious steals. Ben Nebo wakes,
 And shudders at the beauteous phantom cold,
 Whose glance the frozen seal of memory breaks,
 And bids him breathe anew, while Hope expectant quakes.

“Ye moaning billows chant of Nora, dead—
 Nora who perished in the bloom of youth!
 Ye sea-winds wail so fair a spirit fled!
 Ye mermaids sing the desolating truth!
 And you ye dolphins hoarsely groan in ruth
 Of her whose exit all my being wrings—
 Discourse of Nora! Left forlorn, in sooth
 No joy to me a gleam of pleasure brings,
 But melting dirges Love in chime funereal rings.

“Her beauteous form is now insensate dust;
 Long years of anguish prove her exit true;
 And I have felt upon my heart the rust,
 The blight, the canker, of a grief which few
 Have felt tho' lives of sorrow passing through.
 And since the hour that gave her to the tomb,
 This weary pilgrimage I've learned to rue;
 Yet Fate forbids an issuance from the gloom,
 Till th' appointed blow completes my ling'ring doom.

“Fair Nora sleeps! her sweet voice now is mute,
 No more its cadence can my senses please;
 Her palsied hand no more awakes the lute,
 No more her lips in ringing symphonies
 Of Love—sad Love—resound the elegies.
 Her woodland pets their darling mistress mourn,
 But Time their grief oblivious shall appease,
 Whilst I, less favored, wailing still forlorn,
 Of hapless Nora chant, untimely from me torn.

"For her no more the wreathy crown I twine
 As when we roamed in days to memory dear;
 For her no more enweave the fragrant vine,
 Or lure the minnow from the streamlet clear.
 Still, still of her I sing in strain austere,
 As fits the dismal tenor of my soul;
 And oft methinks her spirit hovers near;
 Her elfin dirges with my moanings roll;
 O beauteous shade awake and with my grief condole!

"I then might know what I shall never know,
 A gleam of bliss these shadows to dispel,
 And lifting up the weight of crushing woe,
 Make life appear less a terrestrial hell,
 Where Pleasures rarely fit—where Sorrows dwell;
 I then might be what I was in time past—
 A firm believer in the flimsy spell,
 That man was in a sacred image cast—
 Which like all things of earth, experience proves——‘avast’!"

The loud-voiced boatswain cries, as crawling aft,
 Some order to a forward tar he gave,
 Who with a gang was taking in the gaft.
 Soon as his tones rang o'er the sounding wave,
 Ben Nebo's plaints found a remorseless grave;
 As up he sprang, shook off his dreams, and stood
 Like one resolved such evil wraiths to brave,
 Or crush at once the ghastly-natured brood,
 That with relentless scowl accurst his solitude.

Shrill blew the winds and fast our keel impell'd
 Into a placid and majestic bay;
 Green woods upon the heights adjacent swell'd,
 Where cawing birds in various plumage gay
 Reshot the lustre of th' meridian ray.
 Far as the eye could range, new prospects rose;
 Hills roll on hills and mountains Heav'n survey;
 Soft on the strand the deep meand'ring flows,
 And Nature's added charms a perfect scene compose.

And here no sign of human life was seen;
 No rural hamlet peeped between the wood,
 No lonely hut appear'd upon the green,
 No vocal murmurs from the savage brood,
 Broke the dead silence of the solitude.
 Far as the vision swept—'twas barren all
 A place where Nature reign'd unrivall'd rude,
 Where Beauty made her gorgeous capital,
 And the curs'd foot of man was never heard to fall.

The sea, the sea! once more we plow the sea,
 Loud pipe the winds that curl the onward wave;
 The sea, the sea! its billows fierce and free
 Are terrors to the dull luxurious slave,
 Whose heart revolts when roaring breezes rave.
 The sea, the sea! we love its rushing foam—
 And whistling gales and flowing canvas crave;
 Let timid landsmen vaunt their anchor'd home—
 Be ours the better fate—the boundless seas to roam.

Such the glad thoughts that every bosom held
 As o'er the yesty surge we gaily sail'd;
 Yet oft Ben Nebo's feverish soul rebell'd—
 Oft his long exile from his land he wail'd—
 Oft in deep grief relentless Fate assail'd.
 And thus one night, as thro' the etherial blue,
 The glistering signs his awe-struck sight regal'd,
 With restless step he paced the watches through,
 And pensive dreamed as they on noiseless pinions flew.

And thus he mused: "Twas in the waning year
 When sereing leaves presaged their coming doom;
 When wintry blasts deep-sounding blew severe
 And crushed the flow'ret in its tardy bloom,
 That much-lov'd Nora sank into the tomb.
 I still can see that pale, angelic brow—
 That lovely face a paler hue assume;
 Death's rugged coulter those sweet features plow—
 That dark eye dim—all—all appear before me now.

"And thou art dead! say, shall I e'er again
 Behold thee as thou wert in hours before
 The icy hand of Death had on thee lain?
 I know not. Who can pierce the jealous door
 That 'gainst us shuts the Future's mystic store?
 I know not—yet illusive wish would gild
 The vision, and upon my senses pour
 A train of thought with this dear fancy fill'd;
 But grisled doubt succeeds and frozen hope lies still'd.

"And I have loved!" Aloud the steersman here
 Broke in upon the muser's reverie:—
 Quoth he: "What light is that so red, yet clear,
 Whose lustre radiates the western sea,
 And tints the stooping vapors luridly?"
 Ben Nebo gazed across the sullen gloom
 To where a flickering glare upon the lee
 Bespoke some ship a-fire. A hollow boom
 Remurmuring o'er the deep, confirmed the fancied doom.

"A ship on fire!" the up-roused seamen cry,
 As curious to the leeward rail they run;
 Anon to indicate assistance nigh—
 So wills the chief—discharge a signal gun;
 And scarce the simple task is fully done,
 Ere from the light there comes another roar;
 A minute gun—we fire a second one
 In hoarse reply. But as we heard no more,
 Braced on the wind and tow'd the hapless vessel bore.

It was a grand—a truly solemn sight—
 The burning of that ship upon the main;
 Afar there shone a glare of ruddy light,
 As if Avernus bursting through its chain
 Had spill'd its horrors on the watery plain;
 But as we gazed the rueful scene upon,
 A train of meteors lit the skies amain;
 Flames, sparks, and smoke, commingled hurtling on,
 Shook the dank void and glared a new Phelegethon.

And then a sound like the last trumpet, loud,
 Hoarse and terrific, roared along the waste;
 And high above a black revolving cloud
 Through the abyss its nitrous volume trac'd
 Like some gigantic pall in ether plac'd,
 Then as the fiery ruins downward fell,
 Diffusive, in effulgent armor cased;
 The roar disparting died across the swell,
 And silence over all resumed her torpid spell.

'Twas done! the wreck in countless atoms torn,
 Evanished from our deeply-wondering gaze;
 So the ill-fated wretch by woes o'er borne,
 Ends at a stroke his sorrow-laden days,
 And in one last o'erwhelming ruin lays.
 Such is the stern, unswerving law of Fate—
 The smallest principle that law obeys;
 Man least of all that edict can rebate,
 It guides the very will that seeks oblivion's state.

Oblivion! what a mystic word is thine!
 Thou opiate of all sublunary things;
 Thy wraith in Death's twin-sister we divine
 Congenial balm of spirit-wounding stings,
 Whose poppy draught narcotic languor brings.
 Grateful we sip; but ah! we wake again,
 And shackless Thought like a hyena springs
 Intent to rend. He clanks his riven chain;
 Sharp-cutting, wounds our peace and riots in our pain.

Let such as in Voltarian dreams delight,
 Draw solace from their cold philosophy;
 Believe that Death is but enduring night,
 That soul dissolves when sense hath ceas'd to be—
 That life is but magnetic energy.
 Let such believe—believe thus if they can;
 He must renounce such callow sophistry
 Who taught the inmost shades of thought to scan,
 Hath felt that subtle fire which shone ere earth began.

Can genius die? Go ask the glorious shades
 Of the Immortals, who on Nature's page
 Graved in a character that never fades
 Their mighty glories to remotest age.
 Can Manfred die—or th' Avonian sage
 In stony crypt forever sleep unknown?
 How vain to ask. 'Gainst these the cycles wage
 Unequal war. Like gods they stand alone—
 Like gods they make a sure eternity their own.

What matter if the outer husk decay,
 If the inherent germ existeth still;
 Or, if the spirit of the germ shall stay
 Forever quickened and forever thrill
 InnumEROus spirits to its sovereign will.
 Such the grand fate of earth's illustrious men,
 Whose god-like souls distill'd such thoughts as fill
 The eternal years, and with a molten pen
 Imprest congenial minds until they glowed again.

What mote appeareth on the distant tide
 As Dawn emerges from her rosy bed?
 What mote that draws the lookout's glance aside,
 As perched upon the foremast's dizzy head,
 He quests to ken what ocean may bestead?
 "A boat! a boat!" he hails the watch on deck;
 Soon thro' the ship the news is trumpeted,
 And the long glass is levell'd on the speck:
 It is, it is a boat—a relic of the wreck!

Long was the tug across th' opposing seas,
 And slow that boat upon the vessel drew;
 At length an end to all uncertainties
 Appear'd as Solus wheeled the vertic through,
 When to our deck we hauled the wearied crew;
 And when refreshing cheer their wants supplied,
 They told their story—one that all might rue—
 How took the ship a-fire—and how they tried
 To still the angry flames, whose rage their power defied.

She was a Lusian ship from Lima, bound
 For Lisbon, with a load of silver ore;
 When three days out a fierce tornado frown'd,
 And forced to scud at its wild mercy, bore
 South-west by-south for Pitcairn's lonely shore.
 Amid the tempest—in alarm they hear
 The ship's on fire! At once the hold explore,
 Where fangs of flame in hideous wrath appear—
 And aftward trend, seen first within the cable tier.

In vain they toiled to quench the raging fires,
 That swept devouring through the crumbling shell;
 The flames increase; soon wearied strength expires,
 And Fate on every billow seems to swell.
 Then mad for life unto the guns they fell,
 And rolled afar their hoarse funereal notes,
 Such as in minute guns alone may dwell;
 Nor long these spoke. Replied our brazen throats;
 Told of assistance near—and urged to launch their boats.

But as the billows ran extremely high,
 One boat was in the act of launching staved,
 And eighteen souls with one united cry
 Sank in the flood; but three its fury braved,
 And nearly drown'd were by the pinnace saved.
 Just then her people heard our cannon sound,
 And stood away for succor; but so raved
 The waters, that high noon was blazing round,
 Ere on the trader's deck, a resting place they found.

And one there was among that fated train,
 Whom Memory oft in hue primeval shows,
 When dreaming o'er those faded scenes, again
 Some picture in vivific beauty glows;
 Celestia! thou destined to many woes,
 Torn from thy love—an exile on the deep;
 Till kindly Fate resolved thy toils to close;
 And where Papuan seas cerulean creep,
 On couch of coral laid thy beauteous shell may sleep.

Yet why recall a melancholy theme
 Long since in dumb negation cast away?
 'Tis futile o'er departed scenes to dream,
 Or the sad past in pensive grief survey.
 The present is not one unclouded day—
 But actual sorrows claim our constant care,
 And various terrors line our devious way;
 Ideal anguish fades—dissolves to air,
 Beside the darker shapes that haunt us everywhere.

Most sullen of the pangs that sully life—
 Grief gloomy hydra lurks in every heart;
 Ceaseless until the soul-dissevering knife
 Gives its last keen—its last destructive smart—
 And bids the spirit from its temple start.
 Man here was made to mourn—'tis Fate's decree—
 And he who suffers most can best depart,
 Can best resign these scenes of misery,
 Can best take the dread leap into eternity.

Yet life's a farce, though haply some may cry:
 Life is no farce—it is a tragedy,
 Where each wan actor as he passeth by
 Howls out a lengthen'd note of misery,
 And shivering dreads his frail mortality.
 A farce hath merriment—in life there's none;
 'Tis one long woe—devoid of pleasantry—
 From man's first wail until his task be done
 'Tis one continual strife; best closed when first begun.

Still, life's a farce. Allow that there is ill
 In many things that to this state befall;
 Yet if gauged at their real worth, we will
 Discover that the hugest of them all
 Into the merest dwarfs of trouble fall.
 Deaths, disappointments, pangs and penalties,
 Are ills indeed—but ills so very small
 That it is strange they should disturb the ease
 Of reasoning beings versed in stern philosophies.

To thoughtful men existence is a farce—
 A play composed of hollow vagaries
 In which the players all one censor pass,
 And fly like chaff before the wintry breeze
 Into Eternity's unfathomed seas.
 All is unreal, heartless, and unsound—
 Virtue and man unyielding enemies;
 The greatest ass is oft with honors crown'd,
 And plaudits greet the knave whose limbs no fetters bound.

CANTO III.

The toils of seamen, rulers of the waves,
 Twice and again we celebrate in song;
 Ye manly hearts! who, when hoarse Neptune raves
 And Boreas howls, excursive scud along,
 Proud of the blast—as merciful as strong!
 Sons of the surge! where'er the whirlpools hiss—
 In storm-defying ships—a fearless throng
 On danger's edge you ride! What courage this?
 What voice can sing your deeds, ye rovers of th' abyss?

But lo! emergent from the gleaming deep—
 Serenely fair, in hues prismatic drest—
 Tahitian shores along the starboard creep.
 Long-wished for haven of auspicious rest—
 A glistening gem on ocean's azure breast
 Art thou, sweet isle. Hope skims the rolling tide
 With joyful wing to seek thy woody nest,
 And taste those joys already dim descried—
 Utopian joys, where every sense is gratified.

But soon, alas! these dreams illusive flee,
 And terror drapes th' extended prospect round;
 For now alarming signs that storms decree
 Our anxious eyes with woeful glare astound;
 Three mighty zones the sickly moon surround,
 O'er the North Star a blackening haze appears,
 While oft across the heaven's dark profound,
 A lurid spark in rapid flight careers;
 Anon indignant Jove hurls his electric spears.

Swift, too, the silver in the glassy spire
 Shrinks with the pressure of th' ærial weight;
 Mysterious agent! fraught with seer-like fire
 Ether's incessant change to ante-date,
 And half the seaman's doubtful dread abate.
 Still lower shrunk the boding mercury,
 Breaking the spell of leisure enervate;
 All hands are rous'd—all now alert must be,
 For hark, the blust'ring winds now curl the jarring sea!

North-east-by-east the blasts converging blew,
 And fast the brig before their fury sped;
 Till dark above the murky verge, anew
 A mighty cliff uplifts its beetling head,
 And o'er the crew presaging terrors shed;
 For futile now to clear the threat'ning edge,
 By naked masts whence every sail has fled;
 Yet none despair; we may not round the ledge,
 But on the beach escape the sea's engulfing dredge.

In this distress, while horror froze our blood,
 Instant elapsed all thought of danger past;
 For to each eye, above the angry flood,
 Of every peril we beheld the last.
 Already Fancy sees us shipwreck'd, cast
 Torn, dumb, and bleeding from the raging waves;
 Or seaward urged, in hopeless fear aghast
 Sank in the stifling surge to nameless graves,
 Where the voracious newt his hideous banquet craves.

Stars of the storm! twin brothers placed on high,
 Who erst were saviors of storm-beaten crews,
 Say, now, where is thy aid? Loud, loud we cry,
 Bright pair! thy sea-composing bands to loose,
 Nor more resistless winds awide diffuse.
 In vain, in vain—as merciless and bleak
 As the hail-volley cold—ye glint obtuse,
 Whilst coastward drives the wreck; soon its huge beak
 Grates on the snapping rock, and wild the drowning shriek.

The waves where'er they list, the ruins urge
 Fierce-crashing as they smite the flinty coast;
 Amid them, drove before the howling surge,
 Ben Nebo shoreward hastes. Of all the host
 He and the mate but scaped th' infernal ghost,
 And shivering issued from the yawning seas;
 The rest were lost; they and their floating boast
 Found a release from all calamities,
 And as a holocaust did Neptune's wrath appease.

Prone on the beach the dumb survivors lay,
 Left as they fell by the retreating wave,
 Till life relit its frail and fluttering ray
 Just glimmering on the margin of the grave,
 And to their shells again the spirit gave.
 Then Nebo rose; then next the hardy mate
 Crept from the sea; and in a winding cave
 That scoop'd the toppling cliff, they weary sate,
 And sullenly bewailed their sorrow-darken'd state.

And there throughout the lingering night, they held
 Their fearful vigils in that dismal cell;
 Whilst ceaselessly without, the breakers swell'd,
 And in sonorous murmurs seemed to knell
 A funeral chant above the dead, who fell
 Untimely coffined in the bleak abyss;
 Anon attentive Fancy in each swell
 Caught whispers sad—the requiems of bliss—
 Foretelling coming ills dark as the shade of Dis.

But Morn's effulgent light their gloom dispels,
 And wins them from their desolate abode;
 Away they haste—explore the bosky dells,
 And tread the glebes with artocarpus strowed,
 Or wind the slopes where brawling streamlets flowed.
 All pleasure yield; prolific Nature here
 Unequall'd gifts dispensed, and radiant showed
 Her loveliest phases through the changeless year;
 Adoring bent our men, and soothed their grief austere.

Fatigued at length, within a cool retreat
 They shelter seek from the meridian blaze;
 A mango-wood repels the flaming heat,
 And to each breath in rustling tremor plays,
 Whilst beauteous prospects open to their gaze.
 Here vernal glades in serried vistas lie;
 There palmi-trees nod; here tamarinds fleck the maze;
 There monkeys mewl; here gaudy parrots cry;
 There solemn woods appal; here meadows charm the eye.

While thus our heroes lay upon the ground,
 Musing on what their wand'ring sight could find,
 They marked a chain of hills the vision bound,
 And rise against the western sky, defined
 With striking clearness. Thence their gaze assigned,
 When lo! reared on an isolated cone
 A warlike ruin stands, and to each mind
 Recalls those strongholds which by age o'erthrown,
 Still on Europa's lands like broken gems are strown.

And much they pondered on that ruin eld,
 And marveled by whose hands its walls were made;
 Yet as they looked, Ben Nebo dazed, beheld
 The mate's stern features wear a darker shade,
 And nervous throes his stalwart form invade.
 But these soon pass'd; the ruling wish prevailed;
 Both men no longer on the green-sward laid,
 But rose; and by no vagueful terrors quailed,
 They gained the hillock's brow and thence the fortress scaled.

They knocked: unanswered were their sounding blows
 Save by the echoes from the neighboring hights,
 Or shriller cries of parrots, that uprose
 From a thick copse. Again our hardy wights
 Their summons beat; no sound; but wilder flights
 Of the twice-startled birds. They knock no more;
 Ben Nebo's eye upon a pass alights;
 An olive's stem from its foundation tore,
 Serves at a stroke to burst the age-decaying door.

It fell: they stood within a spacious hall,
 With arms of every structure girt around;
 Quaint armor rusted on the crumbling wall,
 Or clasped in moss decayed upon the ground;
 All they beheld in ruin lay imbound.
 Here the last relics of a daring crew
 In this lone cell a sepulcher had found,
 Whilst those who erst their hardy usage knew,
 Beneath the gelid wave might ocean's floor bestrew.

Now twilight on the varied landscape fell,
 And glimmer'd through the oriel of the tower,
 Rousing the owlet from his mortised cell,
 And the dim bat from sleep's occlusive power,
 On prey intent to course the nightly hour.
 And then Ben Nebo marked a darker change
 Come o'er the mate: his brows despondent lower,
 And aspen-like he shook; convulsion strange
 In one who lustily bestrode th' uneven range.

Ben Nebo gazed upon the man askance,
 And pondered on the grief his face betrayed;
 Then gently asked its cause—a frenzied glance
 Shot from the mate's dark eye; he seem'd afraid,
 But curbed his fear and then to speak essayed:
 "Last eve," quoth he, "as wandering by the shore
 I pensive walked, there rose a hideous shade
 From out the deep; and like a mist before
 My awe-struck vision pass'd; then lost 'twas seen no more.

"Aghast I stood. But oft in years agone
 Had I unblanched beheld this goblin rise;
 But now its grisled terrors smite upon
 My spirit with a frenzy, that defies
 Mere human strength. E'en now his awful size
 Before me looms. Avaunt! But this despite,
 Let me rehearse a tale that sleepless lies
 In memory's urn. With gory ills bedight,
 Long hath it groaned within Seclusion's shadowy night.

"This tower was once a famous pirate-haunt;
 From here Blas Matsi issued for the main,
 With his prize-loving lads, his flag to vaunt,
 To chase, to pillage, and by arms obtain
 From booty-laden ships the shining gain.
 For years the tyrant of the flood confest,
 No hostile cruisers could his course restrain;
 Fearless he roved where'er he cared to quest—
 A gallant chief was he—pride of each corsair breast.

"Those were brave days: among his lusty crew
 I then a youth was a fore-top-man found;
 And divers brisk affairs passed boldly through
 Had made my name above the rest renown'd,
 Whilst added wealth my rising prospects crown'd.
 But yet no dreams of mere preferment rose
 With sordid pang my early bloom to wound;
 I fought from instinct—loved hardhanded blows—
 And felt upon the wave the equal of all foes.

"But Fate is stern: once off Gilolo's shore,
 In a smooth sea and with a sinking wind,
 A British cruiser down upon us bore,
 And her broadside upon our quarter lined.
 Our men to their appointed posts assigned
 Stood to their arms, all resolute, prepared
 To rake the Briton, till her lads should find
 That rogues could do what rogues had ever dared,
 And when their blood was up for man nor devil cared.

"The battle opened; and a cannon shot
 Dread-whistling bold Blas Matsi overthrew;
 And prone he gasped upon the fatal spot
 Where he had often taught the foe to rue
 They e'er assailed him and his daring crew;
 But ah! his loss we vainly could repair;
 In nautic skill—in gunnery—but few
 His equals were; in danger first to dare;
 He well could guide the bark and guard the secret lair.

"He fell; two rivals for his post arose:
 Dave Vangs, a son of rude Northumbria's shore,
 Whose cutlass foremost gleam'd in battle's close,
 Unwilling sheathed till hope of blood was o'er;
 Next to the chief a second rank he bore;
 Yet as command the general voice conferr'd,
 So none by right of station ever wore
 The chieftain's plume. To Vangs the most demurr'd—
 A flinty hearted man who mercy deemed absurd.

"His rival was myself. I simply placed
 My cause in deeds and not in vainful boasts;
 I, too, as oft the jaws of danger faced,
 And burthened Stygia with untimely ghosts,
 When foemen trespass'd on our guarded coasts.
 Our claims acknowledg'd, lots by all were drawn,
 And soon the issue reach'd th' assembled hosts;
 Vangs, who ambition lured, had learned to fawn,
 And gained by specious arts the men he held in scorn.

"He won; but still the action was opposed,
 And discontent prevailed among the crew,
 While those who hated him, together closed,
 And swore that ere the waning moon was new
 He should his transitory honor rue.
 I counselled peace, and sought by every wile
 To quench the murmurs that portentous grew;
 But all in vain, for as we made the isle
 We rose in arms and wrought in true seafaring style.

"I can recall the deed, though years in flight
 Have borne it to the cloudy past away;
 Still now it rises in rekindled light
 As plain as if it happe'd but yesterday.
 For there are things that never can decay,
 Though deep we hide them in negation's mine;
 And when we deem they are unspeaking clay,
 They wake and fright us with a voice malign,
 And in their sinewy coils the stoutest heart entwine.

"As sunk the Pleiads in the leaden brine,
 And winds blew light from Oyolava's land,
 The signal rang; and bent on ill design
 In grim array appeared th' rebellious band.
 To strife they fell; dealt with such lusty hand
 That at their mercy soon the vessel laid;
 But still unconquered Vangs applied his brand,
 And on their ranks a dread impression made;
 The bravest at his rage uncertain stood dismay'd.

"At once the jarring rovers to compose,
 And bring the Briton to an early peace,
 I headlong pushed among the clenching foes,
 And shouting, bade the work of carnage cease.
 The combat lulled; and as by slow degrees
 Order returned, I challeng'd Vangs to try
 A single combat. Flash'd like fire his krees,
 And dark his scowl and fierce his angry eye;
 Ere long we closed in wrath—to conquer or to die.

"With cruel force my foeman plied his brand,
 His blood was hot in ire; the fiery glow
 Of his wild eyes gleam'd wilder, as his hand
 That oft had caused the gory streams to flow
 Aimed to inflict a last—a fatal blow.
 In vain I sought to beat his strokes aside,
 My arm was powerless 'gainst so dread a foe,
 And when at length a desperate lunge I tried,
 I caught his point and fell, bathed in a crimson tide.

"My wound was sharp. All feeling fled before
 The shock that paralyzed the vital stream;
 And senseless to my berth the seamen bore
 My blood-grim'd form. There with uncertain gleam
 Life's taper burned. At length the doubtful dream
 Passed o'er, and by degrees my strength renew'd.
 But fast in durance pent, no sunny beam
 With genial warmth—Nature's inspiring food—
 My energies awoke, by mingled ills subdued.

"Thus I remain'd, whilst on our course we stood—
 Bound homeward to our long-forsaken isle—
 When one dark night, as in a dreary mood
 I sought in sleep my anguish to beguile,
 I heard o'er-head, shouts, maledictions vile,
 And Vangs' deep voice o'er all arising higher;
 Intent I heard; and in a little while
 The awful truth flashed on my senses dire;
 Grim fear upon me seized—the vessel was on fire!

"In frantic rage my prison bars I beat,
 For now the boats were filling with the crew;
 Each moment too, increased the scorching heat,
 As more abaft the flames devouring flew;
 And then I gazed my cabin window through,
 And felt augmented horror o'er me creep,
 As swift the boats receded from my view
 Across the smooth and molten-bosomed deep;
 Anon for help implored or hopeless sank to weep.

"But sudden on my ear there fell a sound
 Of oars, and gazing o'er the lurid tide,
 Amid the pitchy smoke that drifted round,
 A boat with one lone oarsman I descried;
 Hope flashed anew. My voice for aid I plied;
 He heard—he paused—then swiftly row'd away.
 I thought him gone; but soon the door awide
 Was thrown, and ere I could delight betray,
 Dave Vangs himself appeared my terror to allay.

"Forth through the suffocating heat he led
 Me to the pinnace, and when set within,
 With nervous strokes across the deep we sped;
 For ever and anon—with sounding din—
 Shot from the heated guns began to spin
 Above our heads. Beyond this cannonade
 We paused to watch the fiery demon win
 Its rapid way. Ere long the flames invade
 The powder store; and lo! in ruin all is laid!

"We suffered much; but as the wind was fair,
 Held the light skiff before the veering foam.
 Three days elapse; when, through the ambient air,
 Like a blue vapor, loom'd our islet-home;
 And just as Twilight's glimmer 'gan to gloam,
 Shot o'er the bar and moored upon the strand,
 Thankful for life—resolved no more to roam
 From the safe-circuit of the genial land;
 Thus musing hied away and pleased each object scann'd.

"With weary feet we sought this lonely tower,
 Where fixed remained a section of our band
 To guard the spoil, lest in an evil hour
 Invasive keels should pass the circling sand,
 And fell possession of the isle demand.
 To these lorn comrades we rehearsed our tale—
 So sad but few its influence could withstand—
 And mingled with the dull vibrating gale
 Was manhood's broken groan and woman's plaintive wail.

"But who with heart a-breaking, most bewailed
 The missing brave, who most in pity sighed,
 Like thee, Timandra! Thou whose glance assailed
 My inmost soul, that conscious vainly tried
 To turn the woe-presaging shaft aside.
 Thou fair Timandra, how I worshipped thee!
 How for thee suffered, since my hand was dyed
 With that red stain which blots whate'er I see,
 And conjures goblins foul that rack me hideously!

"Ah, well I loved thee! For thee I yearned
 With an intensity, hot as the rays
 Of Barca's sun! Ay, loved when passion spurned,
 Merged into one fierce bolt—one hellish blaze
 That still within my scorching bosom plays!
 But why arouse the dead? Why from their tomb
 The spectres of a grised past upraise?
 What though Vangs won thee? In nocturnal gloom
 Deep in yon stagnant pool he met a murderous doom!

"I slew him; and his gurgling sobs, as crept
 The whelming eddies o'er his gelid mold,
 Into my ears like stygian peans leapt.
 Fierce was my joy; and short as fierce, there roll'd
 Amid those strains a subtler note that told
 Of peace departed. From that hour I bore
 The mark of Cain, that where, or sea or wold
 I chanced a fugitive to wander o'er,
 Confest my crime—that crime that steept my soul in gore.

"It matters not to tell how I escaped
 From this curst isle—the region of that crime;
 Or how through weary years my course I shaped,
 Until besprinkled with the frosts of time,
 A hopeless man, I sought this lonely clime.
 'Twas tenantless. Amazed I groped around,
 And near yon palms that to the sea-winds chime,
 I, choked with grief, espied a grassy mound
 Marked by a wooden cross with clustering blossoms crowned.

"Timandra's grave! Amid the clasping turf
 She sleeps in trance unbroken—sleeps though shrill
 The keen winds whistle—and the rumbling surf
 Sonorous thunders; or from yonder hill
 The cowering birds with cries the concave fill.
 She sleeps! With her my fondest hopes are laid,
 With her shall they remain, entombed, until
 Th' imperious voice of Fate shall bid my shade
 Launch from its ashy coil and ghostly realms invade!"

The pirate ceased: as closed his story grim,
 Aurora smiled above the eastern hills;
 The woods resound, and through the azure dim
 In golden eddies foam the moaning rills.
 Nature awakes; her pulse the landscape thrills,
 And all with life inspires. Our men uprose
 And hasty sought their cheer. Ben Nebo wills
 The forest to explore—thenceward he goes;
 His comrade into life the arid tinder blows.

Anon when rural fare their hunger fed,
 The circumjacent lands around they rove,
 And jocund view spontaneous bounties spread
 O'er mountain, glen, and solemn-looking grove.
 Long thus they rambled, till a thicket wove
 With heat-excluding woof, to rest invites.
 Here stretch'd at length, across a glassy cove,
 They saw astounded, from the neigh'ring heights,
 Titanic moas wing their long, laborious flights.

While thus in idlesse prone the seamen lay,
 Watchful of what their vision pass'd before,
 Ben Nebo's thoughts were wand'ring far away,
 And often sought his long forsaken shore—
 That shore which he might never visit more.
 And musing thus his thoughts began to lower,
 Congenial to the winds, that whisp'ring o'er
 The distant seas, sighed thro' the nemorous bower,
 And filled with pensive dreams the spirit-soothing hour.

Then Nora's charms in added freshness rose,
 And woke to voice the love-inspiring song;
 From his distilling lips the measure flows
 In nervous verse—in mellow tide along,
 As thousand beauteous scenes his fancy throng.
 Of love he sang, whence sprang its mystic birth,
 Its mystic chain that binds the weak and strong,
 Or bends to anguish or exalts to mirth,
 All that as mortals press the air-suspended earth.

As the sweet image rose before his mind—
 Thought he, no other with such charms could vie;
 For Love is selfish, arrogant and blind,
 And prone to cheat the most experienced eye;
 Besides, by nature being rather sly
 He rollicks in a good, clean-cutting jest,
 Nor cares how deep love-smitten creatures sigh;
 How swains go mad; how feverish maidens rest;
 Or how the grandam coos with spasms in her breast.

Ere yet the crescent reached the middle dome,
 Both heroes trod the steep-ascending road,
 Rejoiced to gain their rude, but friendly home,
 And cast aside their heart-oppressive load
 In slumber's torpid spell. But dreams forebode
 The wished enchantment; troubled they repose;
 Within each sleeper thoughts tumultuous rode—
 In slumber-breaking hosts—presaging woes
 Portentous which no mere word-painting can disclose.

Ben Nebo vainly sought to fall asleep;
 Keen were his senses—feverish they wrought
 In tempest visions such as darkling sweep
 Through some Byronic soul by Angels taught
 To sing the terrors of Immortal thought.
 He tost, he murmur'd, as along they cours'd,
 Till all the darkness seem'd with spectres fraught;
 Then, horrified, from his deep silence forc'd,
 He hailed his comrade: long the two sad men discours'd.

And thus the mate: “Perchance these dreams are sent
 As subtle warnings of some peril laid
 By foes unknown, yet primed with fell intent
 Our lives to end. But by this mystic aid
 We may the dangers of the hour evade,”
 He said. The twain uprose; throughout that night
 With nervous steps bestrode the dewy glade;
 When in alarm Ben Nebo saw a light
 Fixed on the barren shore below the turret's hight.

He then his comrade hailed; both men alarmed
 Gazed on the light, which, as the air was clear,
 Proved a huge fire, by wild-men lit, who swarmed
 Around the whirling blaze in rude career.
 Till dawn our sailors watched in livid fear
 The blacks carouse; when in periguas stowed
 They stood away. Once from the island sheer,
 Our seamen to the smould'ring embers strode,
 And there beheld a sight that man's foul nature showed.

There, cast about the ashes, did appear
 Fragments of human flesh; dark clots of gore
 And bones black-singed, grim relics of the cheer
 Which had sufficed the cannibals, when o'er
 The waters roaming, on this lonesome shore
 They landed to partake their hideous fare.
 Sick at the sight our heroes homeward bore,
 Musing on what they saw; and loth to spare
 The next swart troop that should invade their lonely lair.

But scarce they left the foul-ensanguin'd scene,
 When Nebo roused a black, who fast asleep
 Had laid a copse of sago-trees between.
 Woke by th' intrusion, with a sudden leap
 He rose, and fled so swiftly, as to keep
 Our seamen far behind, though hot to slay
 The flying wretch. At length a rocky steep
 Enveiled him from pursuit. There hid he lay
 Till the blue waters drank the fading hues of day;

Then cat-like out he came. In quest of prey
 He sought the offals of the ghastful feast;
 But by our heroes seen, they dogged his way
 As hunters dog some dread, ferocious beast,
 Nor till the spot was reached this duty ceased.
 But as from out the wood they boldly prest
 The savage turned—his inky visage creased—
 And ere a death shot could the deed arrest,
 Th' illfated mate received a javelin in his breast.

As sinks the shotted corse beneath the wave,
 So sank the mate at that death-dealing blow;
 Yet ere his spirit to the winds he gave,
 Ben Nebo's musket laid the slayer low—
 Yet poorly recompensed his poignant woe.
 Then on the mate's remains he sadly gazed,
 And mused on things but the afflicted know—
 Things that grim-shapen nigh his reason crazed,
 Which doleful Horror from his devilish gulfs upraised.

All things must perish. Once their work is done,
 All in negation must dissolve away;
 The noble oak when its last sand has run
 Shall only later than frail man decay;
 But later still the Pyramids shall lay
 In atoms prone, and Earth, still later rent,
 Shall like these all Destruction's law obey.
 All, all must perish, such their chief intent,
 From chaos first they came in chaos to be blent.

Ay, all must perish: nought of earth can stand
 The ever-gnawing tooth of deathful Time
 That eats into all things. Man's temples grand;
 His proudest columns; empires reared sublime;
 The mind's great efforts; Nature's wonders prime,
 In his sharp fang succumb. Thus Allah wills—
 They rise spontaneous; at th' appointed chime
 Expiring sink. The mightiest globe that fills
 The depthless void for naught its wondrous power distills.

'Tis evening's hour. The dying orb of day
 Veils his last gleam beyond the purple sea,
 As sad Ben Nebo wends his lonely way
 Down the steep hill and o'er the winding lea,
 To where a trench beneath a rifted tree
 Wide-gaping yawns. Here must the mate repose;
 His oft-selected tomb, and near where she,
 Timandra, whom he loved, when living chose
 As her eternal crypt when life's black dream should close.

Whilst his dull task the pensive man pursues,
 Excursive sorrows through his bosom stream;
 Again the chequered past his mind reviews,
 And scans a length'ned waste, where scarce a gleam
 Of light breaks thro' the gloom—where horrors teem,
 And all is turmoil, doubt and wretchedness;
 Such the dark thoughts—unlit by cheering beam—
 That his afflicted spirit earthward press;
 Until he doubted life and longed for nothingness.

In vain! Who can reverse his orbit here,
 Or guide his being as his sovereign mind?
 Who shape his course as his own timoneer,
 Or sail without an over-ruling wind—
 Who maugre Fate can journey unconfined?
 Man's but the toy of an omniscient power,
 Whose foresight hath his farthest acts designed,
 Hath sent him here to mewl his little hour,
 And wither at a blast like the frost-bitten flower.

His day is closed before his Morn's begun—
 Ere yet the grain is ripe the scythe resounds—
 At one fell swoop his life-inspiring sun
 From beaming light into grim darkness bounds,
 Like downy-blossomed plants o'er meadow grounds
 By winds impelled, his flying years succeed,
 One raven shadow all his sky surrounds,
 And dim the ray that may his spirit lead;
 Here till his work be done, unhappy man must bleed.

Yet Allah ruleth all—in Him we move,
 In Him our being have, our bents pursue;
 He prompts to toil, he leads mankind above;
 He bathes the landscape in its varied hue,
 And wheels the stars etherial orbits through.
 All, all are full of Him: the Seasons raise
 Their thankful homage as they sweep anew;
 And man, vain man should join the votive praise—
 Extolling the great Source, of all that he surveys.

The crow is chanting on the rifted ledge,
 Loud-roarings echo from the deep, where white.
 'Gainst billow-breaking rocks along the edge.
 Hoarse beats the surge. No more in serried flight
 The wild-ducks fly; but on the sheltered hight
 Condensed await in expectation still
 The gathering storm. Anon in rising might
 Upsurging ocean chafes; shores whistle shrill;
 Crags moan; woods nodding roar, and howls the topmost hill.

As night o'er all her sable mantle spread,
 Ben Nebo sought the solitary tower,
 And whilst the embers weird reflections shed,
 He close-encoiled in Retrospection's power
 In doleful thought beguiled the wintry hour;
 No soothing slumber lulled that thought to rest,
 But fiery pangs his deepest soul devour;
 Love still a vigil kept within his breast,
 And by the sounds without still deeper was imprest.

Imbound in moody dreams he drooping bent
 Before the lurid and inconstant blaze—
 Heedless of all—on his own woes intent—
 Though rude without the blust'ring tempest plays,
 And blows the flame a thousand different ways.
 But he, sad hermit in his ruined cell,
 Disowns the present, and the past surveys;
 By sorrow taught within himself to dwell—
 He breathed on earth but lived in climes invisible.



L A G O S ;

A TALE OF MEXICO.

To GEORGE T. HANLY, Esq., Editor "San Francisco Star,"

This Poem is inscribed.

I.

High-towering in the fulgent skies,
 Rich with a thousand radiant dyes,
 Colima lifts his rugged head
 Where Evening's beam is glimmering red,
 And gazing down the scope afar
 First hails the waking vesper-star,
 That, trembling o'er the western main,
 Leads forth the nightly-glittering train;
 And glancing on the latticed porch,
 Still tinged with Eve's empurpling torch,
 With pensive lightness coyly steals—
 A graceful figure half-reveals,
 A matron rich in beauty's charms,
 Who lulls an infant in her arms,
 And soft as plaintive zephyrs sigh
 Peals the sleep-wooming lullaby.

Her face in glowing beauties drest,
 The riches of her mind express,
 Her lovely cheeks vermillion shed
 Like blooming roses streaked with red;
 Majestic grace her form displays,
 Her eyes like radiant sapphires blaze,
 Or drooping cast a softer gleam
 Calm as the night-dispelling beam.

In garb of richest woof arrayed
 That well her matchless form displayed,
 She seemed a thing of higher birth
 Than being of this lowly earth;
 Flowers decked her rich brocaded vest,
 And pearls gleamed brightly on her breast,
 Which, whiter than the fairest snow,
 Heaved with an ever-gentle flow
 Like summer waves when winds are low.
 She was in sooth a thing divine,
 Of beauty the transcendent shrine—
 Beauty, which Seraphs might adore
 And hymns in admiration pour;
 Such beauty as in days agone
 On beauteous Eve was showered upon,
 Or that fair queen of all above,
 Pronounced the arbitress of Love.

Prone on her lap the cherub lay,
 Nor agile more in wanton play;
 But locked within its mother's arms
 Sequestered slept from all alarms,
 Blest by the tender look that fell
 From her who loved it overwell;
 For of all fires that warm the heart
 Maternal love can best impart
 A lustrous and unquenching flame,
 That burns in every change the same.

As on her babe the mother's glance
 Shone in a calm and pensive trance,
 She dreamed as only mothers dream
 Of what the future might beseem
 To that, who of herself a part,
 Now closely nestled to her heart.
 She dreamed until her dreams were stilled
 By a deep voice that through her thrilled;
 And soon a graceful youth appeared—
 His look her drooping spirits cheered,
 And Lagos to his loving breast
 His darling wife Corina prest!

A daring youth to warfare bred,
 He long a troop of horsemen led
 On many a dark, ensanguined field,
 Where might the subtle Aztec wield
 In all the craft of savage art
 The lassoo and the venomed dart.
 In worth, in honor faultless found,
 For deeds of daring far renowned
 He left Altata's barren glade
 To seek Colima's woody shade,
 Whence from a thousand envious eyes
 He bore Corina—lovely prize.
 Unto his home again he came
 Victorious with the beauteous dame,
 And passed awhile the circling hours
 Sweet as the balm of nectared flowers,
 Till duty summoned him afar,
 And bade him wait the shock of war,
 Beneath the shadowy vail, that down,
 Far-stretching from Colima's crown,
 Throws on the varied landscape wide
 Deep gloom when evening shadows glide.

In vain can dim-eyed man descry
 The clouds that blot the future's sky;
 To him it glistens all serene,
 No shadows mar the smiling scene;
 But whilst he gazes, shades arise,
 And hoarse the howling tempest flies.
 The drum-note wakes the camp around,
 Colima hears the stirring sound,
 And answers as from yonder hill
 The bugle pours its summons shrill,
 Rousing the soldier from his bed
 War's slippery path again to thread—
 That path that manly spirits claim
 That lures but darkly leads to fame,
 Yet which the brave so boldly dare,
 Content to meet Death's fearful glare
 A victor's gory wreath to wear.
 The martial sounds vibrating far,
 To Lagos speak of coming war;

Up from his downy couch he sprang,
 Obedient to the warlike clang,
 And pausing but his babe to bless—
 Corina's lips to fondly press,
 He hurried to the frowning fort
 Where Vega held his martial court,
 And joining there his chosen band
 Of heroes from Durango's land,
 Awaited his grim chief's command.

As mustered on the level ground
 The swarthy warriors stood around;
 Doblado—second to his chief—
 Bespoke his mandate stern and brief—
 This Lagos bade in urgent need
 His soldiers to Altata lead,
 Whose people for some unknown cause
 Had mocked the honor of the laws,
 And conquering now in wrath and pride,
 The nation's power unawed defied.

The soldier heard: with nervous hand
 He raised aloft his glittering brand,
 And waving the extended blade
 Thus to the haughty chieftain said:
 "Throughout the world no land I know
 But this fair land of Mexico;
 A native of her ardent clime,
 Life should to her my faith sublime,
 And I would gladly spill my blood,
 Could she obtain a meed of good,
 Yet to Altata's hallowed site,
 I cannot lead the deathful fight;
 'Twas there my native breath I drew,
 There to maturing manhood grew,
 There still in honest worth reside
 The friends of youth—my cherished pride.
 Wherefore, I ask, oh gracious chief,
 To spare an act so full of grief,
 Nor to my ever deep disgrace
 Press me to strike my native place!"

Fierce ire aroused Doblado's soul,
 And burst headlong through all control!
 In tig'rish wrath he glared around
 And his set teeth spasmodic ground,
 Then, as the angry torrent broke,
 To Lagos thus he hoarsely spoke:
 " Ha, dost thy craven spirit dread
 The gory path of war to thread?
 And shun the duty which thy word
 By Heaven and all thy comrades heard,
 Avouched unto thy country's laws—
 Reckless, if right or wrong the cause.
 Ha, dost thou quail when danger calls,
 And foes are thundering at our walls;
 Oh, man accursed—oh, craven base—
 Thou foul dishonor to thy race,
 I will awake thy livid soul
 And thy unmanly fear control,
 For thou this order shalt obey
 Or crushed beneath our stirrup lay."

He said: but scarce his words were cold
 Than grasped within its iron hold,
 Flashed Lagos' sabre in the light
 Like bolt amid the gloom of night,
 And, thence upon the haughty foe
 Descended the resistless blow,
 And bounding on the dusty mold
 His gory head convulsive rolled!

Then from a thousand dusky throats
 Grim horror rang in thunderous notes,
 And fiercely many a visage dark,
 On Lagos scowled with vengeance stark,
 While sinewy arms around him closed
 Which vainly all his strength opposed,
 And him exultant bore away
 To dungeon cell there pent to lay
 Till prone beneath the muskets' breath
 His haughty spirit sank in death.

II.

Soft is the dying blush of day
 That glints across the azure bay,
 And touching Manzanillo's roofs
 With pensive fire—meek evenings' woofs
 In varied brightness bids them shine,
 Like crystals from Golconda's mine.
 And poised on many a drooping spray
 Tuneful as evening melts away,
 The warbling race their anthems raise
 In deep, melodious roundelay,
 That heard the echoing woods among
 Seem tones by choirs ethereal sung;
 While o'er the landscape beauty drew
 Her pencil rich with every hue
 That limner might attempt in vain
 From mimic colors to obtain.
 And as the lustre softer fell,
 Meek silence breathed her elfin spell,
 Save when the herdsman's light guitar
 In plaintive tinklings rolled afar,
 And stealing through the sylvan wild
 With dreamy notes the ear beguiled.

Sweet was the hour and sweet the scene—
 Sweeter than Beauty's sweetest mien,
 It soothed the gazing dreamer's breast,
 Brought visions of that hallowed rest
 Messiah promiseth the Blest.

Boom! boom! boom!
 But, see, from yonder fort, how slow,
 Grim-faced and mute, the soldiers come;
 The trumpet wails a note of woe,
 And hoarsely rolls the muffled drum:
 Boom! boom! boom!

Now halting on the training-ground
 They form in hollow square around,
 While from the hill, with cannon crowned,
 Deep guns in minute thunders sound.

ON THE
SIXTH DAY
OF
CALIFORNIA

Ay, he must fall, no hand can save
 That warrior from a gory grave,
 Yet still he bears himself as proud
 As if with war-worn wreath endowed;
 Though shorn of every outward grace
 Pride still is vivid on his face,
 That pride which every hero feels
 Though death-charged fate invading steals,
 Which shines effulgent in distress
 Nor pales till lost in nothingness.

The guns have ceased their thundering sounds—
 No more the trumpet wails,
 Nor funeral drum with dismal notes
 The woeful ear assails.

But silence in her grave-like fold
 Wraps every heart around,
 And all in anxious dread await
 The volley's closing sound.

But ere death freed his dauntless soul,
 Ere yet he heard the drum's last roll,
 A child's sweet voice the silence broke—
 “Mamma, mamma,” it lisping spoke.
 Roused at the cry—the prisoner turned—
 And soon the lovely babe discerned;
 Then with a scream as woman's shrill,
 That through each gazer sent a thrill,
 Cried in a voice half-wild with joy—
 “Ah, art thou there, my darling boy?
 Come, let me once again thee press—
 Thee with my breath departing bless,
 And thee unto my bosom strain,
 Sweet babe—I ne'er shall see again!”

She said: and from the guardsmen flew
 And to her heart the infant drew;
 Who gazing on her beaming eyes
 Exprest its joy in piercing cries,
 While all the stricken crowd around
 Stood mute in deep amazement bound.
 * * * *

'Twas soon explained—the loving wife
 Resolved to save her loved one's life.
 Disguised, she sought his prison cell,
 As dusk enweaved her shadowy spell—
 An agent from Corina came,
 From death the fated man to claim,
 And bade him fly with quickest speed
 While she would in his favor plead
 For pardon of such wild misdeed.

He heard: forth from the dungeon sped
 And toward the sea-coast swiftly fled,
 Unknowing that Corina stood
 Alone to brave a tyrant's mood,
 And haply with her life-blood seal
 That faith her fears could not conceal—
 Sublime in woe as true in weal.

Thus rarely does the manly sense
 To woman yield due recompense,
 Or feel the ecstasy that lies
 In an unselfish sacrifice,
 When urged by love to idolize
 She gladly for that idol dies.

To her who loves, but one deep sting
 Can life with all its sorrows bring;
 The baneful sting that galls the heart
 Beyond the aid of human art,
 When the terrific truth is known,
 That all she loved 's no more her own,
 That the fond object—loved o'er well,
 Which o'er her cast a deathless spell,
 Hath chilled its fires in blighting frost
 And sinks from her—forever lost!

Corina felt the heavenly flame—
 Resolved her idol's tomb to claim;
 She daring trod the path of death,
 Nor shunned the muskets' volleyed breath,

Which soon beneath the leaden storm
 Had mangled laid her beauteous form,
 But for her babe—whose instinct keen
 Described beneath that haughty mien,
 That martial dress and visage swart,
 And proud, imperious, scornful port,
 The mother who with dauntless soul
 Had crushed the feelings which control
 Less noble spirits, and to save
 Her Lagos, dared a tragic grave.
 Its voice with talismanic power
 Dispersed the terrors of that hour;
 And nestling on its mother's breast
 The lovely cherub—fondly blest,
 There gently sank in soothing rest!

ITALIA.

Addressed to CARLO DONDERO, the Italian Poet.

Italia, heaven-favored land,
 Where Arts and Arms in pomp expand,
 Where Beauty smiles and Passion glows,
 And Music sweetly-chorded flows,
 Where Love and Lore and Poetry
 In holy sisterhood agree;
 Land of Durante, mighty bard,
 And Angelo, immortal-starred,
 Who reared aloft the glorious dome
 That signals still eternal Rome.
 Land of the past, regenerate,
 Of Garibaldi, hero great,
 Freedom's transcendant magistrate!

SERPENT'S HEAD.

To WASHINGTON MARION, Esq., of San Francisco,
This Poem is inscribed.

Once in a sea-girt land
By tropic breezes fanned,
An ancient black to me a Fetish gave;
And solemnly averred
As he the boon conferred,
That it the wearer would from danger save.

The mystic thing I took,
Yet ill its shape could brook
For 'twas a Serpent's head of livid hue,
Enswathed in platted grass—
Begirt with clasps of brass,
And brazen chains most singular to view.

Of rubies were the eyes—
Death seeming to devise;
An azure crest upon its brow appeared,
And fangs of hideous white
Gleamed, a terrific sight
From yawning jaws ringed with a purple beard.

From Niger's sacred bank
Where nods the rushlet dank,
And huge behemoth growling mocks the main;
Chafing in endless jar
The marly river-bar,
From there this relic came—of ill the bane.

Blessed in the full-moon's light
Upon a festal night
From priestly hands an amulet it came,
And twined in grasses wierd,
Three-sided—double-speared,
For virtues great had won a shining fame.

I took the talisman;
 (And ye explain who can—)
 I from that hour was blessed by guardian Fate;
 Coursed seas of vast extent—
 Unscathed through perils went,
 Through terrors which might Tophet ante-date.

And long that hallowed sign
 Did near my heart enshrine,
 For sooth, it seemed with sybil-powers endowed—
 Braced me in hurricane,
 On Cortez' howling main,
 To steadfast stand when terror others cowed.

To mock the lightning flash,
 The thunder's deafening crash—
 And when a deadly bolt the steersman slew;
 Nerved me with steady hand
 To at the tiller stand,
 And hold my post that night-long tempest through.

Yea, thus to me a charm
 From every mortal harm
 It was until one glimmering-moon-lit night,
 When in the cannoned trench,
 Upon a turfy bench,
 I slumbered dense, worn with the noon-day fight.

There as I slept profound—
 As near the sentry round,
 His vigils held and pealed his signal-note;
 In drowsy visions I
 A swart form did espy
 Winding his subtle hands around my throat.

Then with a sudden grasp,
 The Fetish did unclasp,
 That Fetish I so long as sacred held;
 Then swiftly from me flew,
 Ere I my sabre drew,
 Or him did chase by deep amazement spelled.

Then led my loss to rue,
 Alert I did pursue,
 But that curst shade had from the gun-hill fled;
 Nor aught of him descried
 Though spread the chase awide
 No sign of him, no trace of serpent head.

And thus I lost my charm—
 So fate did me disarm
 Of that eld negros' ill-averting-spell;
 And from that fated hour
 In many a baneful shower
 Misfortunes' ills upon me darkly fell.

But time rolled on—again
 On Esquinapa's plain
 A lovelier Fetish to my bosom came;
 No serpent's skull it bore,
 No waft from Quorra's shore,
 No grisled charm—no eyes of soulless flame.

But in a woman's form
 With vivid beauty warm,
 And saintly face and eyes of raven hue;
 And shape of peerless mold,
 Locks rich as radiant gold,
 And sweetness such as Eve unsinning knew.

With bosom lily-white,
 With graces soft alight,
 And spirit as Alaskan snow-flake pure;
 A spirit breathing love
 Like that the turtle-dove,
 Avouches oft, that will till death endure.

So pure, so fair, so kind,
 She seemed by Heaven designed
 To show Perfection yet on earth had place;
 That here in mortal mold,
 As in earth precious gold,
 Appeared a being of celestial race.

And such to me she seemed,
 Upon me brightly gleamed,
 As yon night-lamp that now looks softly down;
 Chasing each shadow grim,
 That did my spirit dim,
 As when the moon o'er gloom exalts her crown.

Yet ere the light I hailed,
 It sank in shade enveiled,
 As sinks yon star that late so brightly shone;
 Hope from me swiftly past,
 Despair his mantle cast,
 My Fetish lost, I stood in clouds alone.

Long chafed I at my fate
 In sadness, desolate,
 As men have chafed whose idols all destroyed—
 Have felt all pleasure fled,
 That living they were dead,
 By nought of hope in seas of sorrow buoyed.

Disconsolate I grieved,
 And wreaths of cypress weaved
 Around the love so rudely from me torn;
 Nor deemed an earthly balm,
 Could grief of pangs disarm,
 Save that which comes to him to Ades borne.

Till I a Fetish found
 In oracles imbound—
 In oracles to man by Shiloh sent—
 To soothe his every pain,
 And wean him back again
 To that pure state he once did ornament.

In Heaven's oracles
 Mid many mystic spells
 The Fetish Grace did there effulgent shine—
 Grace with Redemption crowned,
 And Faith, an anchor sound,
 Fairest of gifts to man from hand divine.

Nor withered serpent's head,
 This Fetish could bestead
 Nor that sublimer charm of woman pure—
 Though this in beauty's sheen,
 And that in ghastly mien,
 Would fain the sense with magic art allure.

By Faith I learned to rise,
 Above the woe that lies
 A boundless flood around this lower state,
 And saw if Heaven au stere,
 Sent anguish to us here,
 'Twas but from dross our souls to renovate.

Ay, Faith alone can bless
 All else is nothingness,
 Nor rest like this Philosophy unfolds;
 Where he by sorrow torn—
 Above its billows borne
 Rides into Peace, while Mercy steadfast holds.

So nerved with this ally—
 I every blast defy,
 Nor more a desperate man to ruin scud;
 Elohim guards me well,
 His grace my fetish-spell
 For sinners wrought through the Redeemer's blood!

L E D A.

Peters, who paints a portrait well,
 In higher Art can too, excel,
 As all must own, who gaze upon
 Fair Leda and the amorous swan!

S A M O A.

To GEO. HUDSON, Esq., Counsellor-at-Law, of San Francisco,
this Poem is inscribed.

By the sea-marge dreaming,
While the sea-wave gleaming,
 Shakes its snowy crest along the shore;
Rest I sadly brooding,
Pensive thought obtruding,
 Wailing visions lost forevermore.

While yon Orb descending,
O'er the sea-line bending,
 Dips his golden axle in the main,
And with added splendor,
Takes his last look tender,
 Of an hour he ne'er shall see again.

And around him glowing,
Hues irradient showing,
 Flash the skies with draperies of gold,
O'er the offing glancing,
Elfin-like, entrancing
 Every sense in Rapture's vivid fold.

Mystic fancies wreathing,
While the zephyr breathing
 Through the rustling palm-tops, scarcely heard,
Soothes the soul repining,
Every thought refining—
 Tuneful as the nightly-singing bird.

And majestic rearing,
O'er the verge appearing,
 Looms thy peak, Samoa, in the skies;
While like death-drums beating,
Requiem strains repeating,
 Sea-waves chant where lost Marina lies.

There her hallowed ashes,
 Oft the Sea-sprite dashes
 Ruthless-souled upon the coral strand;
 There in anger broken,
 Scatters many a token
 Riven from her form with wrenching hand.

There the Sea-elf, droning,
 Joins the green-wave moaning—
 There the conch its sea-born murmur rings;
 There the white gull wailing,
 On the night-gust sailing
 Dirgeful o'er her mouldering image sings.

Still, though lockt in ocean,
 Memory, with devotion,
 O'er thy tomb, Marina, oft shall bend;
 And in lustre shining,
 From the surge confining,
 Beauteous as in life, thou shalt ascend:

Every murmur sounding,
 Every scene surrounding,
 Every changing hue thy shape restore;
 In each mystic vision,
 Like a dream elysian,
 Rise thy lustrous form my gaze before.

Then ye hoarse-tongued surges,
 Why in endless dirges
 Sing her anthems, as forever lost ?
 Though with sea-kelp laden,
 Tombed, the dark-eyed maiden
 Sleeps in ocean's billow rudely tost.

When each sunset beaming,
 When my spirit dreaming,
 Wakes her from her coral-guarded tomb;
 Wakes no phantom livid,
 But a seraph vivid,
 Who with radiant light can every shade illumine!

S H I L O H .

To JAMES S. COLEMAN, M. D., of San Francisco,
this Poem is inscribed.

The glorious hour draws near,
Foretold by eld time seer,
When from a Virgin's loins a babe shall spring;
Nerved with celestial fire,
Elohim his mighty sire,
To sinful man enduring bliss to bring.

No quakings of the world,
No standards bright unfurled,
No shout of nations hailed the wondrous child;
The sphere unheeding rolled
Upon its axis, cold,
Nor mortal cheered though hosts seraphic smiled.

Not in illustrious power,
Nor light-bedazzling hour
He came in mortal shape to mortal kind,
But in a manger low,
Where but the star-beams show
His sacred form on couch of straw reclined.

Nor regal was the place
Whence to his erring race
He first to them an earthly shape assumed,
But in a lowly town
He left his godly crown
And bliss forsook to hideous trials doomed.

And thus the heaven-sent child
From pomp, from power exiled,
His life momentous upon earth began;
So into manhood grew,
So won by labor's dew
His daily bread, a humble, toiling man.

So came the son of Him
 Whom man with vision dim
 Can darkly scan, as darkly contemplate;
 Infinite, yet finite,
 Eternal source of light,
 Of mercy vast, of love compassionate.

No sect, no creed, he knew,
 No Gentile, Pagan, Jew,
 But that one creed which love sublime bestows;
 That in all how'er base
 Sees part of Heaven's race,
 And o'er their faults a veil of kindness throws.

The mystic Three in one,
 God, Holy Ghost and Son,
 Shaddai, Logos, Shiloh, Comforter,
 Emanuel, Paraclete,
 With holy grace replete,
 Of newer life to man—the messenger.

Yea, grace of compass vast,
 For which might earth aghast,
 In vainful search revolve her axle round;
 Grace without curbing span—
 To angel, demon, man,
 And now as then to all unstinted found.

Thus charged with love to win
 Men from the bond of sin
 He came to lead them to their gracious Lord;
 So made himself as dross,
 So dared the fearful Cross,
 So poured his blood for souls who him abhorred.

Oh, awful sacrifice,
 Which but he could devise
 Who stood o'er all for deep affection crowned;
 Thou Shiloh, thou alone,
 For man could thus atone,
 Thou fount of heavenly Grace, of Love profound!

OUR LAND:

A CENTENNIAL ODE.

To IRA P. RANKIN, Esq., President of the Handel and Haydn Society,
 this Poem is inscribed.

Time, wheeling in untiring round,
 Now with a Century's garland crowned,
 Signals that honored day
 When Freedom, rising from her chains,
 Triumphant swept her native plains
 On her auspicious way.

No trumpet now with shrill alarms
 Awakes our warlike youth to arms,
 Nor rakk'd with grief profound,
 The matron lists in boding fear,
 Or maiden trembling, hearkens near
 The drums' convulsing sound.

Oh, favored land! May Peace, as now
 Thy free-born hosts with bliss endow—
 And Plenty ever reign:
 Nor clamorous Strife with grisled hand
 Across thy fruitful vales expand,
 Nor thy escutcheon stain.

But vivid with a spotless fame,
 And jealous of a noble name
 Such as their grandsires bore—
 Thy sons, the path of Right pursue,
 With balanced Justice held in view,
 And Freedom's beam before.

While through each justly-ordered State,
 Strict duty nerves each magistrate;
 And villains, struck with awe,
 Feel, though in public rapine bold,
 That wealth cannot swell uncontrolled,
 Nor power defy the law.

That all are equal—brothers blent
 In sacred ties—on good intent,
 And earnest to advance
 The cause of Progress, and afar,
 Extend the light of Freedom's star
 Through Earth's unlit expanse.

Such be our land—this heritage—
 This gift of an illustrious age;
 By heroes boldly won,
 When Tyranny they backward hurled,
 And shook a deeply-wondering world
 At glorious Lexington!

Heroic men! They freely gave
 All life allowed, this boon to save,
 And by example showed
 How we may use the gracious prize,
 How duly to distinction rise,
 On Honor's golden road.

They, nerved by Faith, and strictly just,
 In Heaven placed unswerving trust,
 And wrought with hope elate;
 Conscious a never-failing power
 Would guide them in disaster's hour,
 And guard the forming State.

So led by an All-Powerful hand
 May we advance our goodly land,
 Nor dread afflicting woes—
 Disease, that smites with unseen force—
 Nor haggard Famine, croaking hoarse,
 Nor death-disparting foes.

But while Contentment smiles around,
 And decks the vales with Plenty crowned,
 The husbandman shall sing,
 And bless in many a gleesome lay
 The gifts which every circling day
 In sumptuous bounty bring.

And as the strain vibrates along
 Let every voice resound the song,
 And every heart expand;
 Grateful to that Auspicious Power,
 Who sheds an ever-bounteous shower,
 Such blessings on our land!

JOHN P. JONES.

When dark Inflation lowered upon the land
 One spirit dared its wild career withstand,
 One voice was heard above the clamorous throng,
 One voice that stayed its onward course along;
 When JONES, uprising in the Nation's Halls,
 Inclosed the monster in enduring thralls,
 And all sagacious, nerved with Logic's force
 Silenced its minions round him clamoring hoarse.

So armed with reason, fearless in debate,
 May he still guard the interests of the State,
 Be now, as then to public weal the friend,
 Nor from his lofty station deign to bend;
 So may he still against Corruption war,
 And shine Nevada's peerless Senator!

INEZ BERRY.

Inscribed to WASHINGTON MARION, Esq., of San Francisco.

Sad is the strain, by sorrow moved to sing;
 I wail a gentle spirit passed away,
 Smote like a lovely floweret in its spring
 Ere yet full blooming destined to decay.

So thou, sweet Inez, once our cherished pride
 Whom now we mourn with never-ending sighs,
 A lengthened span on this low orb denied—
 Thee only now our hearts can memorize.

Bright were thy virtues—bright thy winsome mind,
 Fair was thy form—thy heart compassionate;
 In thee, the fairest charms of womankind—
 Those radiant charms that grace this lowly state

Beamed sweetly forth; a noble soul was thine,
 With lofty purpose and with good imprest;
 Yea, heavenly light did on thee brightly shine,
 And thee in Virtue's beaming graces drest.

By this thou walked serenely to the goal
 Of deathless life, though ills did thee surround;
 Foresaw eternal rest when freed thy soul,
 And passing hence a blessed refuge found.

And though departed ere thy star was full,
 Why at the stroke should we in grief repine?
 No mortal plaint can Heaven's will annul,
 And love with faith its idol must resign.

Nor should we grieve, since thy translated shade
 Now feels the bliss of life by goodness won;
 Why hopeless droop in dismal serge arrayed
 When thou art cheered by an unclouded sun ?

Alas! The heart still toward its idols turns,
 Still dreams of those once hallowed by its love,
 Still incense to the loved one fondly burns,
 And hapless wails the seraph throned above.

So thou, sweet Inez, still our hearts for thee
 In never-ceasing plaints of anguish weep,
 Grieving, alas! that thou hast ceased to be,
 Or with us here thine earthly pathway keep.

And grieving still, as evening circles round,
 And ruddy tinges flush the western sky,
 Shall Pity at thy shrine be constant found,
 And sad Remembrance o'er thee deeply sigh!

POET'S GRAVE.

To EDWIN DEAKIN, Esq., Artist, of San Francisco,
 This Poem is inscribed.

When after all the toils of life
 The minstrel seeks the mystic shore,
 And anchored from the stormy strife,
 At earthly tempests frets no more;

Then in a woodland's questered shade
 Be his forsaken temple laid.
 Where mortal foot may rarely press;
 Secluded in the wilderness,
 Where human plaint or human tear,
 Or voice of pilgrim passing near
 Cannot offend
 His shadow, lost in thought austere.

But where impend
 Arboreal clusters dense, may gales
 In ever deep, pathetic wails,
 His dirges sound.
 And woods, vine-crowned,
 Their wild-toned tributes breathe,
 And grasses fondly wreath
 His burial mound;
 The only laurels save his song,
 As should enwave his tomb along,
 Or murmur, as they nod inclined,
 His memory to the rustling wind.
 Or when the wild blast hoarsely sings
 And strikes the woodland's mazy strings,
 Be this alone his funeral peal;
 Or, if a softer music steal
 From warbling choirs in secret hid,
 He needs no worthier pyramid
 Than their sweet lays—a votive song
 That rolls unending as the sphere along.
 While in successive round,
 With rose or snow-drop crowned,
 The flying years on tireless axle bound;
 While Spring in radiant smiles appears,
 Or Autumn, sallow-browed careers,
 Shall flowery tributes, grasses brown,
 And withered leaves and tufts that crown
 The arching oak and riven bark,
 And mosses white and lichens dark,
 Immingling o'er his grave arise,
 Like him, to time a sacrifice,
 And build his monument, that lasts
 Till Winter wakes his sullen blasts,
 That wastes with every year away,
 And rises to again decay.

 While through the woods that intervene
 His tomb and ocean's marge between,
 May through the curving boughs be seen
 The heaving billow, crisp and green,
 O'er which in life he may have been.

Now stretching far and foaming white,
 And glancing in the mid-day light,
 Or flushed with morning's crimson ray,
 Or golden-hued at set of day;
 Yet in each change the same vast deep
 Where airy sprites their orgies keep,
 And whose hoarse voice upon the shore,
 Perpetual pours its muffled roar,
 That roar, which he who sleeps, again
 May soothe as when the billowy plain
 He swept and grimly joyed to hear
 Those mournful echoes pulsing near.
 Still pulsing may his shadow hear,
 And tremble with a joy severe,
 Like that which shades from earth removed,
 May feel for those they deeply loved,
 When some chance accent wakes again
 The hallowed face and sacred strain;
 Or saddened at the gloomy peal
 Perchance a tinge of sadness feel
 When Memory, answering to the sound,
 Recalls the past, with sorrow crowned.

Or when as Eventide
 In rosy blushes dyed,
 Crawls wierdly o'er the glimmering land,
 And deeper on the winding strand
 The billows beat,
 And elfin strains repeat;
 May one blest Shade arise,
 One whom Love deifies,
 And white-winged to his tomb repair,
 And cheer his shadow drooping there,
 Which haply mourns the lyre foregone,
 Nor heard its strains the earth upon;
 As nerveless as the minstrel's fame
 That's but a tablet's fading name,
 Yet which the powers of Nature own,
 Though deep in nought by mankind thrown.
 And so the winds his requiems sing,
 So trills with grief each leafy string,
 So warbling birds awake their lays,
 So o'er his dust stars sadly blaze;

While fairy shapes at midnight brood,
 And wailing shake the solitude,
 Or nymphs by moonlight haunt the glade
 Where he they loved is mouldering laid—
 A deep-set grief all Nature feels,
 Each gust, each lay, this grief reveals,
 She mourns the Bard, who loving her
 Was her sweet-tongued interpreter!

M I D N I G H T :

A REMINISCENCE OF MAZATLAN.

Inscribed to HENRY A. COBB, Major-General,
 National Guard of California.

'Tis midnight, and across the azure skies
 The glistening spheres with noiseless step pursue
 Their endless march. Silence o'er all expands
 Her dreamy pall, nor voice is heard to break
 Its funeral stillness, save the sentry's cry
 As on the Cuartel's parapet he keeps
 His watchful vigil—or, when lengthening deep
 From oceans' marge the restless surge resounds,
 And moaning, fills the heart with sadness wierd.
 Save these dull sounds, the air unbroken rests,
 And earth and sky in silence sleep enjoined.

It was an hour for thought—for solemn thought
 Born of its mystery, when visions strange
 And nameless from the realms of shade, arise
 In shape fantastic; when the soul returns
 Upon the past and mirrors various things
 Long in oblivion tomb'd, and spectres wake
 To blast the senses with their woful forms.

Charmed by the hour, across my spirit stole
 A soothing harmony, yet mixt with pain
 As all things earth-born, and in dreams profound
 I silent sat without the gate that led
 Into the guard-room. At length, upon
 My ears a sound of hoofs resounded, and
 I saw the figure of a horseman speed
 Along the highway. Thundering on he came.
 But ere the gate he reached, a loud report
 Prolonged upon the air and from his steed
 The rider fell. Quick at the sound
 The guard turned out; some, hastened to the spot
 Where he had fallen—others, ran to seize
 The assassin, whom they found concealed beneath
 The carriage of a cannon. Him they seized
 And bore with haste imperious to the ward
 Where stood the colonel of the barrack, roused
 From slumber, by the shot's alarming sound.

He was a renegade from Ures—
 An Indio, who for some slight had sworn
 The General's life. Encharged with this resolve
 He deftly lurked within the Cuartel-yard
 By a huge field-piece hid, and screened by night.
 There, as the General, rode as wont to make
 His midnight round, the stealthy watcher fired,
 And from his carbine, launched the messenger
 Of death precipitate. The victim fell
 And from the wound his soul immediate rushed.
 One act was played.

The second hastened on.
 There was an ancient Square that fronted on
 The sea, but now abandoned, rarely used
 Save when some deed of blood betimes required
 Its brief employment. In the centre stood
 A tall and time-worn column, on whose top
 A ponderous lantern swung—a lurid star
 That oft had lighted souls to fate malign,
 And now must light another soul along
 The road of death.

Against this mouldering spire
 The swarthy murderer stood. His iron face
 No sign of fear evincing, as erect
 He scowled upon the deathful band, whose hands
 Trained the portentous muzzles on his heart.
 Without, in a half-crescent, stood the crowd
 Restless and silent, while aligned within
 The soldiery appeared.

All was prepared.

Sudden the drum-note rolled, and rattling loud
 The muskets' voice in hoarse alarm swelled—
 And weltering in his gore the murderer lay
 Quivering beneath the glimmering light. Then quick
 A woman frenzied—aged, yet strong withal,
 Burst wildly through the throng, and with a shriek
 Fell headlong on the blood-stained corse, and cried—
 “ My son! my son!”

P A R A D I S E.

To GEORGE ED. BARNES, Dramatic Editor “Morning Call,”
 This Poem is inscribed.

It is the hour of eve
 When radiant flushes leave
 The pallid visage of departing day,
 And on the purple rim
 Of ocean, glimmering dim,
 His golden team retiring steals away.

Now hushed, the balmy air,
 Is sprent with tinges fair—
 With blazing wafts that round his axle cling,
 Nor wavers at a sound,
 Save ocean's voice profound,
 Or veering sea-gull wierdly murmuring.

A season meet for rest
 By meditation blest,
 When Fancy weaves her soul-enchanting spells,
 And elfish visions rise
 As bright as yonder skies,
 And Recollection many a legend tells.

Lockt in this alley green—
 These cassia plumes between,
 Supinely laid, a dreamer rests alone—
 Beholds with pensive eyes
 The sunset-painted skies,
 And saddens at the surf's unceasing moan.

While as the lulling wind,
 Like harp of spirit kind,
 Sings its aerial dirges sadly low,
 He owns a grief austere,
 He mourns a memory dear,
 He droops above the urn of long ago.

And marks a rising star,
 A glistening gem afar,
 Pinned on the sombre cowl of lowering night,
 A lustrous messenger,
 A halcyon ray, from her
 Who long from earth hath winged a heavenly flight.

He kindles at the glow,
 A joy dispels his woe,
 As shadow flies before advancing light,
 The heavens open wide,
 Celestial beings glide—
 Celestial scenes amaze his raptured sight.

He sees a land of flowers,
 Of rose-bespangled bowers,
 Of emerald lawns and twilight-shaded dells,
 Where dreamy silence broods
 In olive-tinted woods,
 And jocund Pleasure, haunts the grottoed cells.

Where dark-eyed houris fair,
 Await his advent there,
 And one he loved—with soul-entrancing eyes,
 Leads forth the glowing throng,
 While love, and mirth, and song,
 Proclaim the wildering joys of Paradise!

THY SACRED TOMB.

Inez, upon thy sacred tomb
 Perpetual blossoms sweetly spring,
 There, curtained in the sylvan gloom,
 The warbling birds thy dirges sing.

There, the complaining dove bemoans
 Thy beauteous form, the turf beneath,
 And gentle winds in plaintive tones,
 Their mournful tributes sadly breathe.

Each wailing gust, each warbled sound,
 Thy form in fancy shall restore,
 Thy face in every thought be found,
 Till thought itself shall be no more!

CHARLES W. ALEXANDER.

He paints a portrait of unusual power—
 By travel's lightened many a weary hour—
 And had his gifts to Art devoted been,
 A better artist we had rarely seen;
 But, druid-like, he loves the sylvan wild,
 And worships Nature far from man exiled.

YOSEMITE.

Composed on seeing a painting of Yosemite, by WILLIAM KEITH.

Before me grandly rise
Like turrets to the skies
The rampart walls that bound Yosemite;
Whose vale, an emerald gem
On Nature's diadem,
Lies walled in rock, as guarded jealously.

And high in sunlight thrown,
Each mighty beveled cone
Glints back the saffron hues of setting day,
And shafts of crispy light
Pierce the deep valley's night,
Where lucent rivers wind their solemn way.

While from the topmost ledge
That yawns o'er ether's edge,
Descending, Merced, rolls his foaming stream;
And seems in fancy's ear
To chant in tones austere
The story of his ever-hallowed dream.

Of ages that have past,
Of nations' tombward cast,
Of awful deeds within this temple wrought
By elemental rage,
Whose deeply graven page
Is the tremendous vale with wonders fraught.

A dream of mystic days,
Ere yet the Saxon's gaze
Upon this scene of marvels swept profound;
Ere yet thy genius, Keith,
Had wove thy artist wreath,
Or bade the canvas glow with nature crowned.

UNDER THE PALM.

To Don MIGUEL G. PRITCHARD, (San Francisco,)
Acting Consul of Mexico, this Poem is inscribed.

Here beneath this shading palm
 Let me rest in dreamy ease,
 Far from every rude alarm,
 While the spirit-soothing breeze,
 And the ever-moaning seas
 Roll their elfin lullabies.
 Now my vision wanders o'er
 Boundless surge and broken shore,
 To yon crest of seething foam,
 Where the shrieking sea-gulls roam,
 And the breakers' endless jar,
 Like a drum-peal heard afar,
 Rises from the coral-bar;
 Thence, beyond the glimmering deep,
 Where the long-drawn cloudlets sleep—
 Strech't profound,
 Crimson-crowned,
 Drowsy as the stillness brooding round.

Now I mark the setting sun,
 (His diurnal circuit run,)
 On the golden-tinted verge,
 His effulgent wheel immerge—
 Flashing, ere he sinks in night,
 O'er the scene a richer light;
 While aglow with rainbow dyes,
 Blaze the cloudy-pillared skies,
 And the ocean, flushed with light,
 Glints like jasper on the sight,
 Till adown the purple rim
 Softly veering—
 Disappearing,
 Pales his glance in shadow dim.

Now the gull on fluttering wings
 Weary seeks her nightly rest,
 Home-returning, wierdly sings—
 Toil-worn from the billow's crest.
 And the elfs of night come out,
 Hear the owlets dismal shout—
 See the fire-flies flit about!
 Bearing through the woodland dark,
 Each his redly-glancing spark,
 While the beetle deeply drones;
 And with louder pulsing tones
 Like a dirge-peal beat afar,
 Hoarsely chants the harbor-bar;
 Hoarsely chants, while softly rise
 Star-lamps in the arching skies,
 And her leaden-colored pall
 Sadly, Night, casts over all.

Now within this sylvan gloom
 Let my soul with Love commune,
 Love, whose light,
 Ever bright,
 Can the darkest shade illume.

Lo, awakened by his ray
 Comes a shape all grief beguiling,
 Radiant as the blaze of day—
 Like a syren blandly smiling!

See her waxen beauties glow,
 See her bosom white as snow,
 See her face with blushes sweet,
 See her form with grace replete,
 See her eyes—how bright they shine,
 How they glance with light divine!
 And what bliss
 In each kiss,
 As her arms around me twine!

LOS PADRES.

Composed in the Burial-Ground of the Old Church
At the Mission Dolores.

To JOHN MAC DONOUGH FOARD, Editor "Golden Era"
This Poem is inscribed.

Here beneath the willow,
Moaning like the billow
Softly rolling on a distant shore—
Rest I, sadly musing,
Pensive thought diffusing—
Vanished cycles deeply pondering o'er.

And around me lying—
Winds above them sighing—
Sleep the dead of long-receded years;
In the casket livid,
Ere the Saxon vivid,
Stained the hallowed sod with blood and tears.

Ere across the ocean,
Zealous with devotion,
Came the Cross-crowned Padre from afar—
Bent on holy mission,
Braving all perdition,
Following in his course the western star.

Through the portal golden
Sailed his galley olden,
Till in Yerba Buena's spacious bay,
With her saintly cargo,
Peace her last embargo,
Anchored on the placid wave she lay.

Soon a church arising,
Savage eye surprising,
Beacon-like illumed the wilderness,
Rampart-walled infolding,
Ever steadfast holding
Gospel fires that burning shone to bless.

Now the founders banished,
 From the living vanished,
 Moulder in the firmly-clasping mould,
 Blind to every wonder,
 Headless of the thunder
 Of Progression's Car, above them rolled.

Yet betimes appearing
 From their tombs uprearing,
 Rise their shadows as they rise to night,
 While the moonbeam tender,
 Bathes in silvery-splendor
 Every solemn-visaged, long-robed sprite.

And before me sweeping,
 Time's wide chasm leaping,
 Rolls the Past with all its varied deeds,
 And the Friar waking,
 To his task betaking,
 Muttering by the dim light, tells his beads.

Or, low-voiced intoning,
 Through the chancel droning,
 Slowly peals the spirit-soothing lay,
 While the pilgrim, bending
 Swells the chant ascending,
 Veiled within the censer's incense gray.

With the vapor stealing,
 Elfin-sounding pealing,
 Strains unearthly breathe a mystic spell;
 On the spirit falling
 With a power appalling,
 Like the pulsing of a death-toned bell.

Harking to the chiming,
 Faith the hour subliming,
 Angel shapes in tuneful lays repeat
 To my senses dreaming,
 Rising heavenward seeming,
 Benedictions unto Him, with Grace replete!

TWILIGHT.

To ALBERT P. BRAYTON, Esq., of the Pacific Iron Works,
This Poem is inscribed.

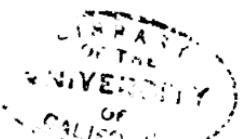
When in the twilight dim
I muse in sorrow grim
Upon the past and all its scenes recall,
I feel a pang intense,
As retrospective thence,
I think on those I've seen death-stricken fall.

Where are the forms I knew
Ere I to manhood grew,
Where are the youthful hearts that then beat high
With hope and ardor keen?
Ah, vanished from the scene
In dark forgetfulness they mouldering lie.

Where are the sterner race
That later, filled their place?
Alas! they too, have ceased to meet my gaze,
Save when, as now they come
From deep oblivion numb,
And fade again—ghosts of departed days.

So many thus have fled,
So many with the dead
Enrolled have been—that pondering on them all,
I seem to stand alone—
A life immortal own,
Proof to the shafts that fell and round me fall.

Yet though ordained to part,
Grief still distracts the heart
When forced to yield those whom it has enshrined
Among its idols fond;
Ay, sadly will despond,
Though in their exit wisdom be divined.



Still, as we journey on,
 Each step, a pilgrim gone,
 Leaves a fresh void in the soul's caravan,
 If love around him cast
 Its silver cords, or fast
 In stronger links, some gentler shape did span.

So as we trench on age,
 Draw near our pilgrimage,
 A vale of tombs the trodden past appears—
 With horrors darkly spread,
 Hopes broken, visions fled,
 A vale of grief bedewed with ceaseless tears.

Yet o'er the wraiths of all,
 One form may love recall,
 One form mayhap in beauty first beheld
 At life's awaking morn,
 The day-star of its dawn—
 That every hour with joy electric spelled.

Each heart bears such a star
 That burns, though shadows mar
 Its brightness, and to him who bears it glows,
 An earnest of that bliss
 That passed, the dark abyss,
 All gracious Heaven on the good bestows.

Then hail, oh, sacred ray!
 Sign of a brighter day—
 Of sinless rest, which grief can never dim,
 When those we loved, refound,
 As seraphs, golden-crowned,
 Our souls to endless joy exultant hymn!

FROM apes, says Darwin, man has sprung—
 He proves it by his apish tongue.

PERDU.

Inscribed to JOHN L. BOONE, Esq., of San Francisco.

Where the sea-winds mutter,
And the sea-waves utter
Sounding dirges on the echoing shore;
Where the vocal leaflet
Sighs upon the reeflet,
There Marina slumbers evermore.

There the sea-witch moaning,
Times the sea-surge groaning,
There wierd Echo pours her solemn roar
Through the sea-cave broken,
Sprent with many a token,
Many a spoil from Ocean's wizard store.

There, where dimly breaking,
From the sea-verge waking,
Samoa's peak the azure waste surveys;
There in sea-weed braided—
Deep in coral shaded,
Hidden, sleeps Marina from my gaze.

Far from Pity weeping—
Love his vigil keeping;
In the sea-urn mouldering in her bloom,
Sleeps the dark-eyed maiden—
Sleeps, while sorrow-laden
Sad remembrance wails above her tomb.

But though ruthless surges
Chant her only dirges,
And no signal points her place of doom;
Though no mourner wailing,
But the sea-gull sailing
Mourns her lustre sank in endless gloom:

Still, when evening glimmers,
 And the crisp wave shimmers,
 And thy brow, Samoa, purple dyes;
 Pensive thought shall render
 Votive offerings tender,
 Breathing o'er her fate responsive sighs.

And the crested billow
 Beating round her pillow—
 Elfin-winged celestial realms explore,
 And the gust awaking,
 Through the death-locks breaking,
 Oft unto my sight her beauteous shape restore!

HAUNTED SHORE.

To DAVID WOOSTER, M. D., of San Francisco,
 This Poem is inscribed.

Ho! nearer veer thy reeling skiff,
 Ho! nearer toward yon looming cliff,
 Upon whose pyramid,
 Eve's glimmering lid
 Now droops in twilight-shadow hid.

Lo, where yon white-topt billows roar,
 There, Oarsman, lies the haunted shore;
 There, three years since, at eventide
 I stood that shadowing crag beside,
 And saw her lustrous form expand—
 A meteor-light along the strand;
 I saw her fleckt with sea-sedge o'er,
 And rise my wildered gaze before
 To where yon planet glowing lies,
 Like jasper in the purple skies;
 I saw her, and—bismillah! now—
 She comes! behold that headland's brow,
 It lightens! say, what seest thou?

Naught but the rising evening star.

 Away, purblind, yon lustre far
 Outshines the brightest gem of heaven—
 'Tis she, by all my sins forgiven;
 She comes from ocean's caverned tomb,
 This heart of darkness to illume.
 Oh, spirit, hail! thy form I know,
 Though urned unfathomed seas below;
 Thou comest to soothe my endless pain,
 To light the fires of hope again,
 To teach my spirit still to bear
 The fiery wrenchings of despair.
 Sweet image, hail! I thought thee fled,
 Yea, tombed among the pallid dead;
 Forever gone—though love like thine,
 And sweetness, beauty, so divine,
 Should surely be immortal things,
 And rise from death on angel-wings;
 Themselves a part of heaven, they
 Should mock the canker of decay—
 Ay, ever as enduring be,
 As is my love, sweet Shade for thee!

THREE ARTISTS.

Within an attic reared on high,
 Three artists skilled, their pencils wield;
 Brookes, who in fish can all defy,
 And Deakin, prone to rush a-field,
 And from Dame Nature beauties take,
 That ever-pleasing pictures make;
 While Loomis, of deep-sounding voice,
 Will in a woodland sketch rejoice,
 Or leaving oil, a "thought" to lay on,
 Oft shows his fancy with a crayon!

WHERE YON ELMS.

Inscribed to MRS. H. A. DEMING, of San Francisco.

I. O, where yon elms inweave a mystic shade,
And twining woodbine breathes a sweet perfume;
There, while my flocks have indolently strayed,
Have I with Fancy's pictures filled the gloom.
There, heard the bubbling streamlet chide along,
While rustling winds responsive murmured round;
There, heard the linnet pipe her cheerful song
And join the throstle's more harmonious sound.
There, in deep chorus heard the warbling choirs
With varied note the echoing labyrinth fill,
Joyful as Dawn alit her morning fires
And shone effulgent o'er the tufted hill,
Or mournful, when declining in the West,
Day sank in ebon shade his golden crest.

Hark! now their plaintive madrigals they raise
And all the wood remurmuring owns the sound,
While yonder sun enveils his crimson blaze,
And Twilight spreads her dusky robe around.

I, too, shall breathe a sorrow-laden strain,
And sigh as fades the spirit-soothing light;
Bewail a day I ne'er shall see again,
Lost in the gloom of Grief's perpetual night!

EPIGRAM.

Death once upon his usual round,
A cobbler on the work-bench found,
And cutting short his mortal tether,
Removed the sole from the top leather.

AWAY! UNCLASP!

Inscribed to GIOVANNI B. CEVASCO, Editor "La Voce del Popolo."

Away! Unclasp thy waxy arms,
I cannot gaze upon thy charms.
Away! Enveil thy star-like eyes
Where death in dazzling beauty lies,
Or outward launched, a upas dart,
With ruin blasts the gazer's heart.
Away! I dare not look on thee,
Or gazing, ever blinded be;
Those rosy lips I will not press,
Thrice deadlier in their loveliness
Than Papua's fruit of deepest gold,
Where venom lurks in every fold.
Away! Nor will I wind a tress
Though flowing in luxuriousness
It tempts the touch, a serpent-twine
I see in every ringlet shine—
As on thy brow, whose crystal white
Pales the pale moon's translucent light,
I mark a grisled spectre glare,
The death-fanged shadow of despair,
That warns—

Away! thy arms unclasp,
Than these, yea, rather python's grasp
Or barb of life-destroying asp;
Thou art too deadly—dear to me—
I dread thy love, yet worship thee!

E Y E S.

There's beauty in the light that lies
In gems that stud the vaulted skies,
But fairer is the glance that flies
From woman's love-inspiring eyes.

IN EVERY CLOUD.

Inscribed to A. T. DEWEY, Esq., Publisher of the "Pacific Rural Press" and "Mining and Scientific Press."

In every cloud
Which may enshroud
This gloomy vale of woe;
Is hid a purpose, Heaven-sent
To man, on sordid wiles intent,
With worldly pride aglow.

If sunshine here unchanging shone,
Its lustre he would deem his own:
Of this low earth grow overfond,
Nor seek the fairer realm beyond
The mystic pall that darkly lies
'Tween him and endless Paradise.
But wrenched by grief, his humbled sense
Desires a brighter recompense
Than's found within this earthy state,
E'en at its fairest, desolate.

And chastened by the wounding smart,
To Heaven lifts his suppliant heart,
Till adoration kindling grows,
And soothes his spirit-lancing woes
With Faith, of bliss the harbinger,
From Christ, the eternal Comforter.

Thus, when upon a deluged world
The Dove her trembling wings unfurled,
No tree she saw—no place of rest
Where she might pause her weary quest;
And turning, smitten with despair,
Resought the Ark and sheltered there.

But when she found the floods disperst,
Nor earth in boundless seas immerst,
The greening hill-tops lured her sight,
She winged afar her wanton flight;
Forgetful, from the Refuge bore
Which she had sought distrest before!

CARA MIA.

Inscribed to Dr. S. H. ROBERTS, of San Francisco.

How fair yon planet's light
 That gems the crystal night!
 Yet fairer still art thou
 Whom I with love endow,
 Cara Mia!

In thy enchanting face,
 A heavenly charm I trace,
 The outward beam that shows
 The spirit's pure repose,
 That like a nimbus glows,
 And sacred lustre throws,
 Cara Mia!

Yea, saintly modesty,
 With gentle ray, in thee
 An earnest shines of worth,
 And makes thee scarce of earth,
 Cara Mia.

Thou art the beacon-star
 That through life's stormy war
 My being lures; thou art
 The idol of my heart,
 Cara Mia.

EPIGRAM.

Augustus as a beau would pass
 And so consults his looking-glass;
 But finds whenever he looks there
 A smirking fool return his stare.

WHO ART THOU?

Inscribed to A. ROMAN, Esq., Publisher, of San Francisco.

Ho! who art thou that comest to me?
 A phantom from beneath the sea—
 Pale as the form that lies below
 Samoa's billow; white as snow,
 And lovelier than yon rising star
 That glances in the skies afar.

I know that shape—and art thou still
 Obedient to an earthly will?
 Or dost thou come from climes unknown
 To make this heart again thine own?
 Say, spirit; say—or do I dream,
 And art thou but a fancied gleam,
 A radiant vision of the mind,
 That passing, leaves distress behind?

If this away! but if thou art
 Of her the uncreated part,
 Oh, with thee bid my spirit rise
 Beyond those azure-arching skies;
 Farther than Memory's surge can roll,
 Or Anguish shake the hopeless soul!

TO ALEXANDER BADLAM.

When from your meerschaum rolls the vapor gray,
 Let every curl this salient truth convey:
 That, like a Pipe, Man is a thing of clay,
 And, like its Weed, pre-destined to decay;
 Each Nature's law unchanging must obey,
 Puff here awhile and puffing melt away!

LAKE DONNER.

Composed on seeing a picture of Lake Donner by EDWIN DEAKIN.

Where mounts tremendous rise
In fleecy-clouded skies,
An azure sheet, thy lake, oh, Donner spreads;
Where Silence dreaming broods,
And dark, mysterious woods
Like giants crown the rifted mountain-heads.

There sleeps thy placid wave,
For now no tempests rave,
No ghostly shroud upon thy surface lies,
But winding valleys green
Appear thy cliffs between,
And mellowed light each crag with saffron dyes.

A scene of beauty all,
Marred by no darkling pall—
Here hallowed Rest, her dove-like wings unfolds;
Yet Memory o'er thee casts
A tale that sense aghasts,
And Nature in a coil of terror holds.

A shade of tragic gloom,
Which suns can ne'er illumine,
Broods o'er thy wave, and will with thee endure—
Will sadden every gaze
That o'er thy bosom strays,
Yet still to thee the pilgrim wierdly lure;

As this impressive view
Composed with pencil true
By Deakin, wont to haunt thy gloomy shore,
And druid-like admire,
When flushed with morning's fire,
Thy rural wonders glowed his gaze before.

MIGNONETTE.

Inscribed to MRS. JENNIE S. CLARKE, of San Francisco.

Ether incense filling,
Spirit rapture thrilling,
Mignonette her fragrant breath exhales;
Fairy dreams inspiring,
Like the fancy firing,
Soul-entrancing, balm of Yemen's gales.

Oh, sweet joy distiller,
Subtle pleasure filler,
Thee I breathe, and wasted to the skies,
Deem thy essence glowing
Is the sweetness flowing
From the honeyed lips of girls in Paradise!

EPITAPH ON A COQUETTE.

Inscribed to P. L. PETERS, Esq., Artist, of San Francisco.

A gay coquette, to many a gallant dear,
Lies buried in a rose-wood casket here;
Clotilda—she whose lips, all lips above,
Breathed of devotion, breathed of constant love.
But now, by Lethe's stream, in realms of night,
She weeps o'er scenes on earth her sole delight;
She mourns the lisping beaux she left behind
Low-browed Augustus for an ape designed,
And high-heeled Tummus, silly, but refined;
Yet more than these delightful men, or noodles,
She mourns her fan, her paint-box and her poodles.



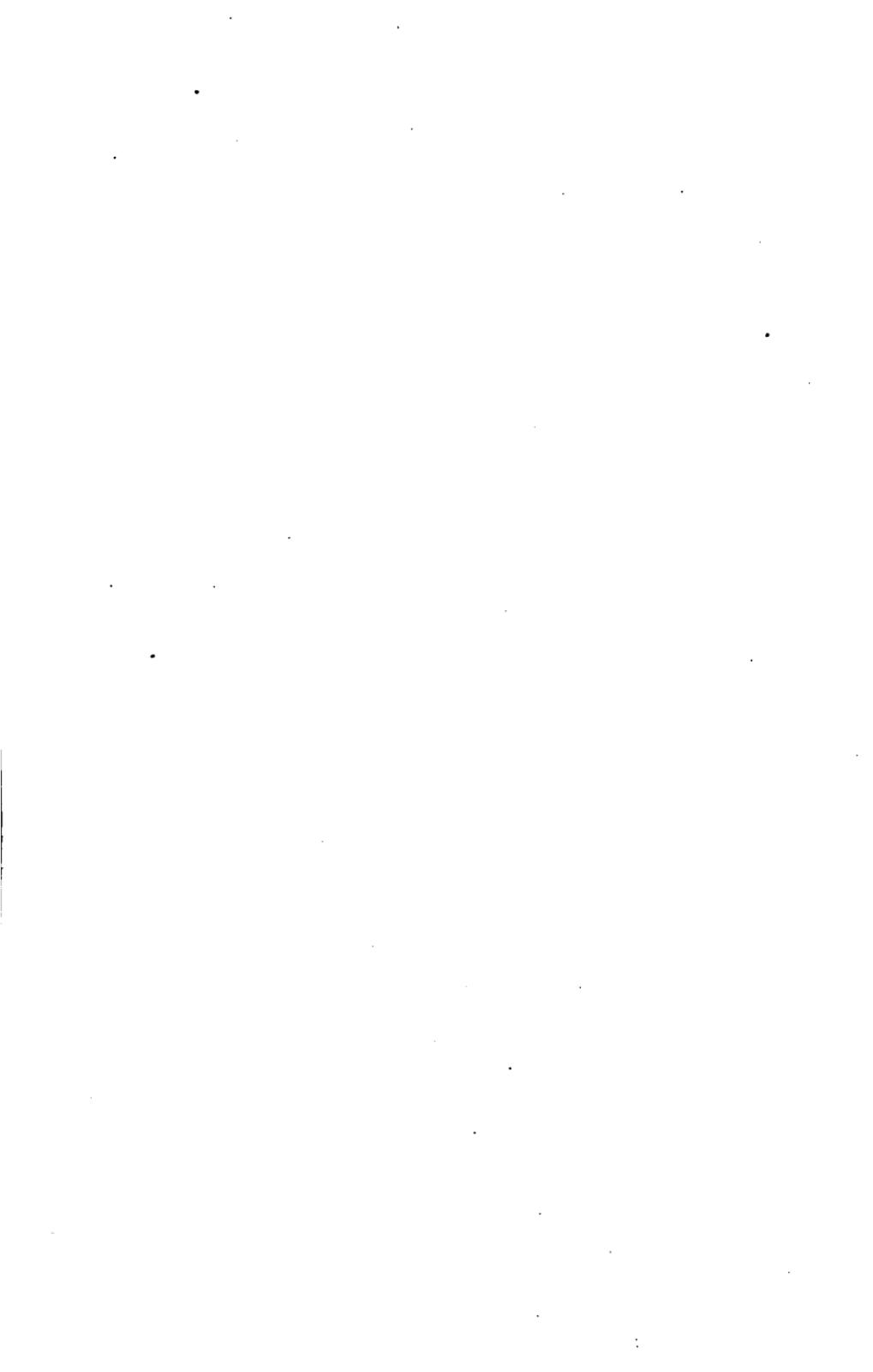


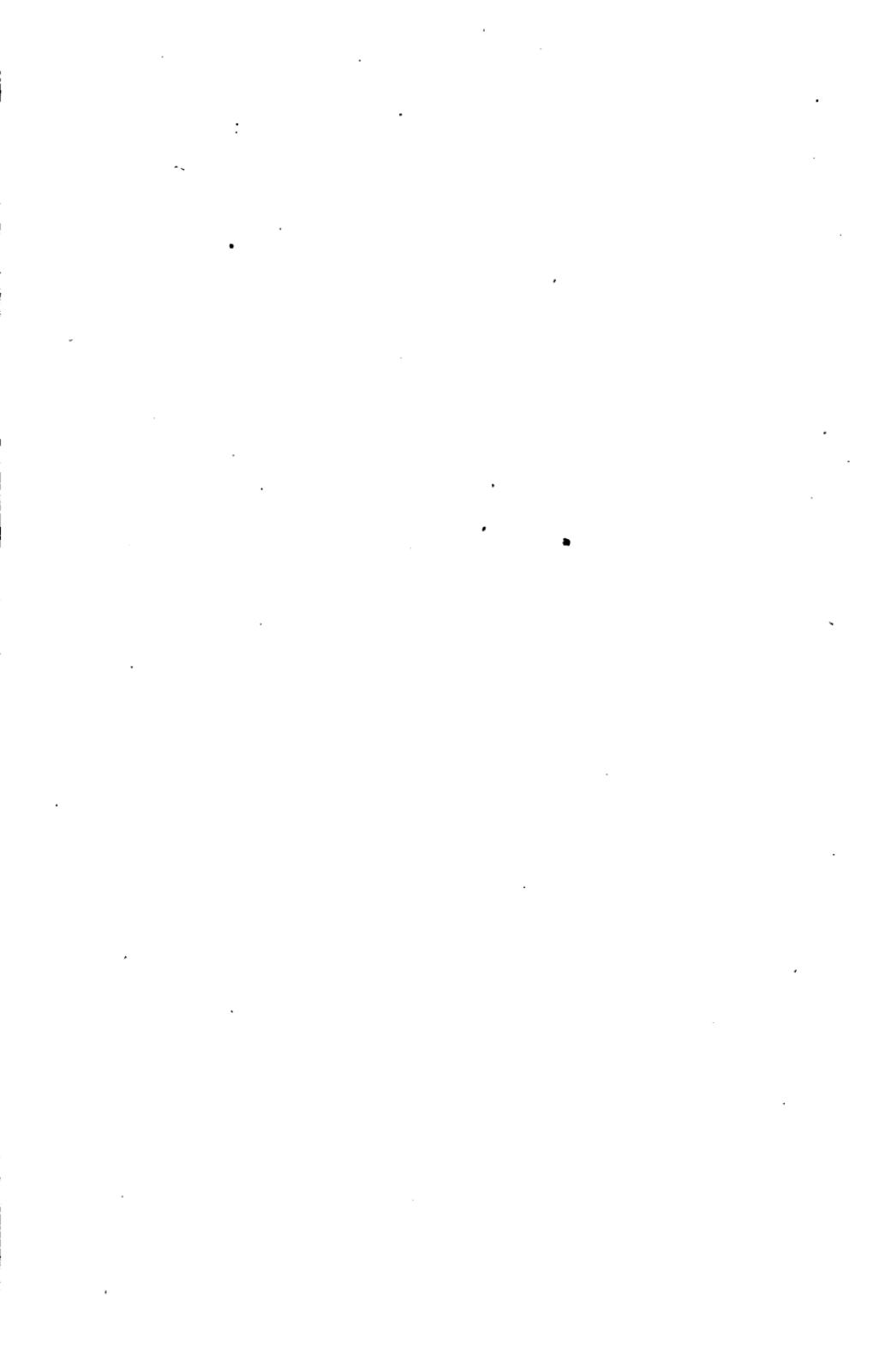


















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